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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S remarks on sanctions last week may have been an inadvertence or a calculated indiscretion; it seems that they did anyhow represent the view of the Cabinet as a whole. By the time these lines are in print the lips of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden will have come unsealed to tell us, what everyone expected, that sanctions are off. This may no doubt be represented as common sense in all the circumstances. The robber will not disgorge his booty without fighting, and there is no collective will among the nations to vindicate the Covenant by force. But this "common-sense" ending is in reality the tragic culmination of a year of lunatic policy, of cowardice, disloyalty and double-dealing. British and French statesmen have broken up the League, humiliated their own and other peoples, and prepared a triumph for a master-criminal. And that triumph may not even stop at the undisputed possession of Abyssinia. According to the latest reports, Mussolini is going to ask us to eat dirt, by acknowledging the justice of his aggression, before he consents to kiss and be friends again. Alternatively—or in addition—he may demand that we shall oblige him with loans.

The Fate of the League

Whether an attempt will be made to save the League's face, or even to try to get some mitigation of terms for Abyssinia in return for the abandonment of sanctions, still remains to be seen. Of Mr. Baldwin and most of his colleagues we have small hopes, and the unhappy Foreign Secretary and his sympathisers in the Cabinet apparently no longer count. But an even more serious question than the fate of Abyssinia confronts us. This is the fate of the League, and in the last analysis of all Europe, since a still more dangerous person, in the shape of Hitler, is waiting round the corner. The League and the system of collective security have been dealt a mortal blow. But it is possible to bring the corpse to life again, if this country is prepared to play its part. From Government circles and from the Tory press, there pours a stream of talk about "reform" of the League. But "reform" so far as can be judged, appears to mean "emasculation," to enable us to escape commitments and shirk responsibilities. Such a policy would head us straight for disaster. Demi-semi-isolationism will not guarantee our safety nor anyone else's. The main chance of averting another war lies in a resolute and concerted opposition to any Nazi aggression; with the plainest warning to Hitler—above all from Great Britain, which is in the key position—that the concert means what it says.

That involves no injustice to Germany; it is merely to insist that Germany shall respect the rights of others.

The Belgian Strikes

While the French strikes are being brought gradually to an end, with the help of the Communist Party as well as of its allies in the Popular Front, Belgium is becoming the scene of an almost equally widespread industrial conflict. In Belgium, however, prompt steps have been taken by the authorities to prevent any movement for occupying the factories, and the few groups of strikers who have attempted occupation have been instantly turned out by the police. The Belgian Government, though it includes the Labour Party, is by no means a Government of the Left, analogous to that of M. Blum. It is an "all-constitutional-parties" coalition, embracing Liberals (who are, in fact, conservatives) and Right-wing Catholics as well as Socialists and leaders of the Catholic Trade Unions. M. van Zeeland's Government was not prepared to follow M. Blum's example by coming down openly on the side of the strikers. It has, however, used its influence to promote a settlement favourable to the men. A conference between the Trade Unions and the employers under M. van Zeeland's chairmanship has reached an agreement in principle, which concedes recognition of the Unions, the 40-hour week, six days' holiday with pay, and minimum wages ranging from 30 to 32 francs a day. It may not be easy to translate these generalities into details applicable to the various trades. The Socialists occupy an uneasy position in this Government, and risk the loss of their influence with the men, to the profit of the Communists and the half-Fascist Rexists.

Scandinavian Socialism

The Swedish Socialist Government, having failed to secure parliamentary support for its proposals for higher taxation on large incomes, resigned office last Saturday. A Government headed by the Farmers' Party is expected to succeed it, with a no less precarious parliamentary backing. The Socialists were intending to use the yield of higher taxes on the rich for financing a scheme of bigger old-age pensions designed to facilitate earlier retirement from industry; but the taxes roused the opposition of the farmers, who are now preparing to form a Government in alliance with the parties of the Right. The Swedish situation illustrates the precariousness of the position of Labour Governments dependent for their control over Parliament on alliance with the bourgeois parties of the Left. It is beyond doubt that Sweden's Socialist Government has during its period of office practically halved unemployment and greatly aided economic recovery, and therewith pursued a cautious monetary and financial policy which has avoided any breach with orthodoxy. But as soon as it attempts to advance beyond the promotion of recovery to positive measures even of moderate social reform—down it goes.

The Chinese Cauldron

There is still no full-dress civil war in China. Chiang Kai-shek has a large army in Hunan, threatening Kwangsi, and another in Fukien. The Cantonese continue to clamour for united resistance to Japan, but they also continue to parley with the Central Government, and there are hopes of a conference at Nanking on July 10th for the purpose of concerting a "national policy." The Japanese are watching events closely from Formosa, their island base opposite Fukien, and they are, of course, on the alert for their opportunity in the North. Meanwhile, there are diplomatic and commercial manoeuvrings going on round Sir Frederic Leith-Ross, who has just returned to Shanghai from Japan. The Japanese, we are told, would like to collaborate with Great Britain in aiding China—on the basis of our advancing the funds and Japan providing technical assistance and ensuring the safety of British investments. But should we like it? Or can we or any other Western Power, let alone the Chinese, put any trust in Japanese proposals and plans? To those who want to form a judgment in this matter we warmly recommend the pamphlet, *Eastern Menace*, just published by the Union of Democratic Control (U.D.C., 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1, 6*d*.). It is the story, plainly told and documented, of the threat of Japanese Imperialism, which is aimed not only at China but at all of us, directly or indirectly, in the Far East, and which, we agree with the authors, could and should be checked by co-operation between Great Britain, the U.S.A. and Russia.

Intellectual Armament

Madrid is holding its annual Book Fair, and it is pleasant to see the development of intellectual, as distinct from physical, re-armament. At the side of the Paseo del Prado editorial houses and retail booksellers have put up stalls under the acacia trees, where every type of literature is for sale at a reduced price. Holders of booths range from the Patronato Nacional del Turismo and the National Library to publishers who specialise in Communist literature. The works of Marx, Lenin and Gorki are prominent at the Feria del Libro. Two years ago—as a result of the political swing to the Right in 1933—the stall of the Catholic publisher "Fax" was the most patronised. Cheap editions of Spanish classics and those of other countries in translation are plentiful. England is chiefly represented by H. G. Wells and Edgar Wallace. A facsimile of the two volumes in which *Don Quixote* originally appeared can be bought for less than £3. Loud speakers are fixed in the branches of the trees, light Spanish music being varied by lectures on Spanish literature. Literary quotations in praise of reading are printed on linen streamers stretched over the path.

Unemployment Assistance

For hors d'oeuvre to the forthcoming feast—the new draft regulations for the means test—the Unemployment Assistance Board has issued a report on its first year's work, prefaced by a long statement by its chairman, Lord Rushcliffe. The Board has evidently not recovered from its indignation at the treatment meted out to its regulations last year; and Lord Rushcliffe lets slip no opportunity of commenting adversely on the anomalies of the present "double standard." It is pointed out, again and again, that the assistance allowed to the "households" of the unemployed differs widely from area to area, whereas, except in the case of allowances for rent, there is no real case for local discrimination. In one sense this is true; and a uniform national system is greatly to be preferred. But, with the household means test in operation, there is much to be said for the view that the least injustice will

be done by using every possible method of raising the allowances, even if the benefits are largely capricious. From the hints thrown out in the Report, and from the insistence on the admittedly exceptional cases in which fairly high family earnings are at present being supplemented by unemployment assistance, we conjecture that the new scales will be none too generous, and that the household means test, which the Report vigorously defends, will be kept practically without modification. If this is so, there will be more trouble.

The School Bill in the Lords

The debate on the School Attendance Bill in the House of Lords gave the Archbishop of Canterbury an opportunity of expressing again his disappointment, and of renewing the suggestion that exemptions under the Bill should begin at 14½, instead of 14. This was, of course, brushed aside. Lord De La Warr, on behalf of the Government, found matter for congratulation in the fact that in those areas in which the leaving age had already been raised by bye-law to 15, the actual average leaving age was 14½ as compared with 14¼ over the country as a whole. Later in the debate, Lord Halifax accused the Opposition of underestimating the importance of the amendments made in the Bill by the House of Commons, and stated that in the Government's opinion, the average leaving age under it would work out at 14¾. He also, very naturally, welcomed the " compromise " reached on the denominational issue ; for this threatens to mean the permanent entrenchment of the non-provided schools in the field of " Hadow " secondary education. From what we hear, Lord De La Warr's 14½ is likely to be nearer the truth than Lord Halifax's 14¾. But, whichever turns out to be right, what a miserable instalment of educational reform the Bill provides. The suggestion that no exemptions should be granted under 14½ would have made a good deal of difference ; but even that the Government have rejected.

Milk and Profits

According to an answer given by Mr. Shakespeare in the House on Monday, the average daily consumption of liquid milk in this country is estimated at slightly less than half a pint per head. In spite, therefore, of the Government's policy of providing cheap milk for children, the figures for milk consumption in Great Britain still lag far behind those of the United States, Denmark, Holland, Norway and Switzerland. Between September, 1934, and September, 1935, the consumption of liquid milk rose from 634 to 659 million gallons. This increase may be accounted for almost entirely by the provision of cheap milk in the schools. Little or nothing has been done to increase milk consumption among other sections of the community, and no indication was given by the Minister that any such policy was contemplated. During the same period last year the amount of milk used for manufacturing purposes increased by 109 million gallons. From the point of view of the Government, therefore, the £2,500,000 subsidy paid to the Milk Board is obviously achieving its purpose. The price of liquid milk is maintained, the farmer secures his profit and the landlord his rent. Apparently Mr. Shakespeare is content that the nutrition of the people should continue to be sacrificed on this altar of capitalist money-making.

Coal and the Consumers

The representatives of the public utility services rightly complain that, in the dust and heat of the controversy over the Coal Bill, their interests have been largely overlooked. The Government promptly capitulated to the colliery owners when they objected to compulsory amalgamations ; and the matter received wide publicity. But the provisions for unified selling schemes in all the coalfields passed almost without notice. Those provisions, as the representatives of the public utility services—gas and electricity—are now pointing out, give the colliery owners practically unlimited powers of price discrimination against particular groups of consumers ; and there is nothing to stop the owners from using these powers so as to tip the economic balance back towards the industrial use of crude coal, and away from the use of gas or electricity derived from the public utility concerns. There is, no doubt, a procedure for appeals under the Coal Mines Act ; but it is very cumbrous, and the tribunal to which the appeal lies represents not the gas and electrical industries, but chiefly the domestic and industrial consumers of raw coal. There may be, at the moment, not much danger of the colliery owners exploiting their powers at the expense of the gas and electricity supplies. But with the power of price discrimination, enforced by statute, ought surely to go the public scrutiny of all prices fixed by the industry. It will be a thoroughly retrograde step if the selling schemes result either in a reversion to crude coal by industrial users, or in a tendency for big firms to set up their own generating stations instead of relying on the authorised supplies of electric current.

Liberals in Conference

During the past two weeks the Simonites and the Sinclairites have been conducting a pretty quarrel as rival claimants for the tattered mantle of Liberalism. The Opposition Liberals at least have a policy distinguishable from that of the National Government. The Simonites maintain, however, that they have been able to act as the Liberal leaven in the National loaf. When Sir John Simon writes his autobiography it will be interesting to learn precisely in what sphere this Liberal contribution has been made. Has it been apparent in the realm of foreign affairs ? Perhaps we shall be told that Sir John's removal from the Foreign Office was due to an excessive zeal to endear himself to Liberal sentiment. Was it in evidence at the time of the Sedition Bill ? The outside world supposed that the most illiberal clauses were withdrawn owing to opposition pressure ; but perhaps the Simonites were all the time working quietly underground. They have done good by stealth ; the rest, as Junius once said, is on record. It would be churlish, however, to pretend that the Simonite enthusiasm for the maintenance of the " national " character of the Government is anything other than sincere and wholehearted. Mr. Baldwin was right when he unkindly suggested that the Liberal Nationals would follow the example of the Liberal Unionists ; Sir John Simon and his friends have taken much too lengthy a ride on the Tory tiger ever to be able to dismount at their own convenience.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is : Inland, 1½d. ; Foreign, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d.

IMPERIALISM—OLD STYLE AND NEW

THERE are few Englishmen who do not denounce—though many are prepared to accept—Italy's aggression in Africa. The fact that others, including ourselves, have committed similar crimes in the past is an excuse that we are entitled to reject. But it does behove us to ask whether our own conscience is clear about our treatment of subject peoples to-day. The coming debate on the Colonial Office Vote can hardly fail to reveal strong grounds for disquiet on this head. The complacency of the stay-at-home imperialist, like the loyalty on which it is based, is rooted in the past; it squares ill with the present nervousness, and the often repressionist practice, of white men in the colonies, whose views and interests must always go far to determine the attitude of the nominally responsible authorities in Downing Street. At this moment white minority interests threaten to rule—perhaps wreck—the British Empire.

When the liberal tradition was in its prime it was the fashion to compare the mission of the British in Africa to that of the Romans in ancient Europe. The "Pax Britannica" was not an idle boast, and "British subject" meant something equivalent to "Roman citizen." That great Whig, Lord Cromer, who in old age wrote an essay on this theme, was himself no mean practitioner of the Roman art of ordering chaos, and laid broad foundations of settled government and peaceful progress. Lesser men —"officers and gentlemen"—have done similar invaluable work in scores of small outposts. The armed force behind them was the least part of their strength, since black men could fairly easily acquire guns enough to make themselves troublesome. The secret of their success was an unquestioning self-assurance. It is possible that the old Liberals, as some say, destroyed more than they built, took the life and potency from native institutions (which had never shown much of either), and sowed a legacy of the bitter nationalism that is now showing its ugly head even in Africa. It is certain that our generation has neither the faith in itself nor the belief in freedom that they had. The European monopoly of physical—or chemical—force is a patent and brutal fact; our old moral ascendancy, which mitigated, if it did not justify, imperial rule in the past, is becoming little but a memory.

Mr. Pirow, the South African Minister, is now in this country consulting on Imperial Defence. He has, incidentally, the reputation of being the successful pioneer of tear-gas as a method of dealing with "native unrest." His South Africa has headed the breakaway from the Roman tradition which allowed many a provincial to boast, *Civis Romanus sum*. Only this year the Union Parliament, by an all but unanimous vote, has made possession of a black skin a total disqualification for the privilege of full citizenship. South African legislation is now the great Dominion's own affair. But how do we stand, for example, in the settler colonies of tropical Africa, where British authority is theoretically supreme? It was only the other day that the "big ideas" of Cecil Rhodes inspired settlers to face the more formidable difficulties of farming in the tropics. The experiment has been tried for thirty years—with what degree of success the Home Government should clearly investigate before attempting to carry it any further. This agricultural settlement bears all the outward marks of a parasitic growth. In spite of preferential railway rates, and costly education which is a drain on general (i.e., native) revenue, and lenient taxation —except for natives whose laziness it has been thought necessary to stimulate—thousands of would-be settlers have lost every penny of the capital with which (they are always warned) they must start. The white population of Southern Rhodesia has grown to 55,000, a considerable proportion in mining or commerce, and this handful controls the fate of more than a million natives. In Nyasaland and in the agricultural part of Northern Rhodesia the European population is insignificant. In Kenya—with a total white population of 17,000—something over 2,000 Europeans have in the last four years cultivated a gradually decreasing percentage of their holding.

Just because of their hard struggle to survive at all, Europeans in Africa have come to put their faith in tyranny, the natural resort of a nervous weakness very different from the self-confidence of the nineteenth century. The doctrine now in the ascendant is indistinguishable from that of Mussolini. "Civilisation" has become not a gospel but a white monopoly; the Europeans are its representatives and the progress of Africa depends on making their position safe. A British Secretary of State last month made it clear that an Order in Council shortly to be promulgated, accepting the principle of protecting white against black, will convert the alienated land of the Kenya Highlands into a European "Reserve," where none but Europeans may buy or even lease land for agriculture. The British Government will thus be committed to the principle of a colour bar against Africans, and, incidentally, against British Indians.

There is some danger that this startling new departure may divert attention from local legislation determining the status of the natives thus barred from the right even to lease land in this European area. It is not as if there were none there. The Land Commission of 1934 admits the presence of some 150,000 "squatters" paying some kind of rent, and its express recommendation is that such as are needed should be allowed to continue there, only on a strictly "temporary" or "labour" tenancy. Otherwise they must remove to what are admittedly dangerously overcrowded native Reserves to which only small unfavourably situated additions are recommended. Of the 10,345 square miles actually alienated at the time of the Commission's Report 2,211 were unoccupied. Yet the Commission proposes to increase this Reserve to 16,700 square miles on which no African may so much as own a house or keep a garden of his own.

This preposterous plan is unhappily no novelty. It began to be put in force nearly thirty years ago in South Africa. More recently, with the sanction of the British Government, the Rhodesian Land Apportionment Act of 1930 adopted the same illiberal policy of development by Europeans, with the help of artificially cheap native labour. The Rhodesian Act, however, fixed a date in the future, 1937, for the complete clearance of natives from European land. By the latest official estimate the number of natives living on European farms (only a proportion of them as labourers) actually increased each year from 1929 to 1934; only in 1935 there was a decrease from the figure of 1934—and that seems to have been due to a special effort to speed up the painful process of "clearing."

Even so, the final date for full " segregation " has been postponed to 1940.

The effects of systematic eviction are reflected in certain Rhodesian Bills at this moment awaiting sanction; from these the British Government may perhaps learn what to expect if they allow a similar system to take root in Kenya. The persistent unsettling of so many " squatters " has inevitably given impetus to the normal flight of agricultural labourers to the towns, and Rhodesians complain of an increase of petty crime. To get this under " control," they have refurbished certain old Ordinances into the Native Registration Act—a full-dress Pass Law on the Transvaal model. No Rhodesian native must in future enter or move about in a " township " (a very extensive area) without some approved form of written permit, if it be only the sanction of an employer—in practice, *any* European. In other words, any and every native, male or female, whether " exempted " or not, may be stopped at sight and required to show his papers. The police who, it is alleged, are unable now to control crime, will in future be so busily occupied in examining natives at large that criminals, adepts, as experience shows, at forging impeccable passes, may expect to have the time of their lives.

Innocent natives, already disturbed by labour tenant laws, will have a new and formidable grievance. The Rhodesian Government, therefore, has forearmed itself with a new Sedition Bill. For this also it has only too many precedents; the recent history of the colonial Empire is full of them. But Rhodesia goes one better. An amendment incorporated during the debate means that in future anyone who " conducts or takes part in any ceremony liable to offend the chastity of women, or to promote immorality " will come under the heavy penalties provided for sedition.

We cannot believe the British Empire so moribund that the Imperial Government is quite powerless to save this Rhodesian parliament of juveniles from their own folly, or that in the same year, without full and authoritative investigation of the Rhodesian experiment, it can proceed to set in train an identical policy in Kenya. Is the aim, or is it not, the training and educating of Africans to come nearer, in the words of the Covenant, to " standing by themselves "? And what possible help is the " strictly temporary " contract of labour tenancy to such an end? If the unsettlement of Europe by a great war had not driven the world mad, African development would be seen as an obvious field for unlimited supplies of capital now lying idle. A hundred million Africans with a decent standard of living would also materially help to provide a market for the now unsaleable products of world industry. The present policy can only build up a population of rightless labourers dependent on already semi-bankrupt settlers, or else leave the mass to nurse a bitter, and a just, grievance at their forcible exclusion from the homes of their fathers. In that event Mussolini's policy of making trained soldiers of the Africans must bear its Dead Sea fruit. The South Africans, at least realists, set themselves firmly against the militarising of the native peoples. They have taken alarm at Mussolini's open setting of white against black and have been among the strongest supporters of sanctions. But what case have we against Mussolini's settlement of some hundreds of thousands of Italians on Abyssinian land, if we set no better example ourselves on his very borders in Kenya?

THE NAZIS AND RUMANIA

NAZI penetration of Czechoslovakia through the Henlein Party is well known. Nazi penetration of Rumania has attracted less attention, and is therefore, perhaps, more dangerous. If it is successful, then the way will be clear for a German advance to the shores of the Black Sea. Czechoslovakia would find herself completely surrounded, and the path to the Ukraine would be open.

Berlin bases its influence on two elements in Rumanian politics—the German colonists, and the indigenous Right-wing groups.

The cultural influence of the German colonists in Rumania has always outstripped their numerical importance (500,000). The compact Saxon groups have occupied the key-towns of Transylvania for 600 years. Though the descendants of the eighteenth-century Swabian settlers are more scattered, they control most of the urban activity of large sections of the Banat and of Southern Bessarabia. But only since the coming of Hitler have these Germans become an active political force. Enormous efforts have been made to " nazify " the settlers, and have been completely successful.

Already before 1933 a camouflaged Nazi organisation known as the " Deutsche Selbsthilfe " had been set up in Transylvania. After Hitler's victory this organisation came out openly as the " Nazional-Sozialistische Bewegung der Deutschen in Rumänien," under the leadership of Fritz Fabritius, a retired officer. Within six months it had gained enough support to be able to head the poll at the elections for the unofficial German " Volksrat," or settlers' council. And in the autumn it achieved its first big success by the organisation of the " V Sachsentag," or Congress of all the Germans in Transylvania. At this meeting the old programme dating from the " IV Sachsentag " of 1919 was repudiated, and a nazified version was substituted. Strong opposition was shown by the older settlers to the aggressive tactics of the young Nazis, who organised and paraded in the usual fashion, with a blue cornflower instead of the swastika as their emblem. But after the Saar plebiscite this opposition rapidly broke down, and on June 29th, 1935, it was possible for Fabritius to be elected as authoritative " Landesobmann " for all the Germans in the whole of Rumania. This victory was followed up last October by a big Congress at Hermannstadt, where a new and completely nazified programme was drawn up. This programme—though of course without any legal validity—set out the means by which the whole life of all the Germans in Rumania was to be organised by the N.S.D.R. for the benefit of the " Volksgemeinschaft."

A plebiscite of all the settlers, for or against this programme, was organised as the next step. But at the beginning of February, three days before the date fixed for the vote, the Liberal Government suddenly declared the plebiscite illegal, as being a menace to the integrity of the Rumanian State. It is confidently stated that this sudden decision was the direct result of strong French pressure at the time of the Paris conversations which followed the funeral of George V. All Fabritius' protestations that the plebiscite was simply a " Volksentscheid " and not a " Volksabstimmung "—whatever the distinction may be—were ignored, and the ban remained.

This set-back has forced the Nazis to modify their tactics, and they now realise that without the assistance of sections of the pure Rumanian parties the German minority itself can do little to change the Government's policy.

The Rumanian political field gives plenty of scope for co-operation between the Right-wing parties and the Nazi colonists. The tradition of anti-Semitism is stronger in Rumania than in any other country of Europe, and there is no doubt that the extreme Right-wing parties have themselves been strongly influenced by Hitler's coming to power.

In 1933, at the time of the murder of Premier Duca by supporters of the extremist " Iron Guard," and the consequent dissolution of that organisation, it was thought that the power

of the extreme Right was relatively small. But recent events have greatly increased the danger from this quarter. Up till recently the Right was split between a number of warring factions, but the rise of National-Socialism has created the possibility of amalgamation on the basis of a common philosophic programme. The most important of such unions was that of Aug. 28th, 1935, when the old-standing anti-Semitic " Christian-National Party " of the veteran Prof. A. C. Cuza was joined by the Agrarian Party, led by Octavian Goga, Rumania's best-known poet. The resulting united party is now the nucleus of all the extreme nationalist elements, and has its main organised following among the university students and in the old pogrom areas of Bukovina, Moldavia, and Bessarabia.

The rise of this party has spurred the leaders of the disbanded " Iron Guard " into action once more, and in August, 1935, General Catacuzenu—joint founder, with Zelea Codreanu, of the old " Iron Guard "—reconstituted the movement under the title of " All for the Fatherland." This does not by any means exhaust the parties of the Right that have been revitalised by Nazi influence. The dissident Liberals under George Bratianu have recently signed a pact setting up a Fascist " Constitutional Front " with the " Legionary " Fascist Party of the old war-hero General Avarescu. Colonel Stefan Tatarescu—brother of the present Prime Minister—has founded the " National-Socialist Party of Rumania." Michael Manoilescu, former leader of the National-Peasant Party and favourite of King Carol, has also founded a " Corporative Party."

At present all these parties are furiously competing for support, with the Cuza-Goga group well to the fore. If they could unite into a single organisation they could probably cause a split in the ranks of the ruling Liberal Party, gain over a section of its adherents, bring down the Government, remove Titulescu, and cause a fundamental realignment of Rumanian foreign policy—for they are all agreed in attacking Soviet Russia and in supporting Nazi Germany.

There is clear evidence that Berlin is making strenuous efforts to bring about such a unification, and finally to link up its two Rumanian propaganda centres—that among the German settlers, and that among the Right-wing parties. So close are the relations between Berlin and the Rumanian Fascists that they have been openly admitted on several occasions recently. At the Fascist student-congress held recently at Targa-Mures fraternal delegates from Germany appeared in S.A. uniform and spoke, and after a recent visit to Berlin, at the expense of the German Government, Octavian Goga wrote a eulogy of Alfred Rosenberg in the Rumanian press. So serious is the situation that M. Mihalache, leader of the National-Peasant Party, claimed in a speech the other day to have definite evidence that 60 Bucharest newspapers received subsidies from Berlin.

But there are still formidable obstacles to be overcome before the Right forces can be completely unified. The most difficult of these is the influence of the ex-Premier Vaida Voivod. That former democrat left the National-Peasant Party a year ago after it had refused to accept his programme based on the so-called " Numerus Valachicus." This violently nationalistic programme has however attracted the Right-wing groups, and Vaida's supporters have formed an electoral pact with the Cuza-Goga group at recent bye-elections. This seriously complicates the task of the Nazis, for the " Numerus Valachicus " is a form of Great-Rumanian nationalism that threatens to exclude the Hungarian, German and Jewish minorities from all public offices. It has therefore earned the immediate hostility of all the German settlers. Of course, this conflict between the Great-Rumanian ideal and the Pan-Germanic ideal simply represents the insoluble antinomy of any attempt to set up a Fascist International. But Rumanian politics are so corrupt that there is no ultimate reason why this difficulty should not be overcome by means of large enough funds from Rosenberg's treasury.

Whether a unification of the Right-wing parties would immediately lead to a change in foreign policy, and to the removal of Titulescu, depends on the balance of forces inside the Liberal Party.

Since the murder of their leader the Liberals have pursued a vacillating and contradictory policy towards the Fascists. Though the " Iron Guard " was dissolved after the murder, its leaders Codreanu and Catacuzenu were acquitted at the subsequent trial, despite the most incriminating evidence. No measures were taken when the body was reorganised last autumn as the " All for the Fatherland " movement, and yet it was lately reported from Bucharest that Codreanu and Stelescu, another leader, have just been arrested by order of the Government.

In a recent important bye-election in Suceava the Liberal candidate stood down and gave his support to the successful Fascist candidate, and yet it was only shortly before this that Premier Tatarescu had expelled the Bucharest correspondent of the *Völkischer Beobachter* for organising support for the Right-wing parties, and had categorically repudiated all alliance with Fascism.

Of course these inconsistencies can, in the last analysis, be traced back to the continual tension in the Liberal Party and the Cabinet itself, between M. Tatarescu, with his so-called " Right-Radicals," and the Foreign Minister Titulescu with his Francophil group. The Right-Radicals stress the great and growing economic dependence of Rumania on Germany, whose purchases of Rumanian petrol have increased six-fold since Hitler's coming to power. The French group stress Titulescu's prestige in Paris, Geneva and London, and point to the integrity of the Little Entente as the only remaining barrier against Hungarian revisionism. The balance between the two sides is at present even; but unless by some miracle the League of Nations reasserts itself as a body in which small nations can trust, Rumania will soon cease to offer any obstacle to the nazification of central Europe.

A LONDON DIARY

GOVERNOR LANDON'S nomination on the first ballot was a sign of Republican resignation to inevitable defeat rather than an assurance that the right candidate had been chosen. Had there been a chance of victory, his rivals would not have given way so easily. As it is, he merely has a chance to prove himself. If he does badly, he will prepare the way by self-elimination for another candidate in 1940. If he does really well the Republican machine will have four years to build up a reputation for him by the next election. Mr. Landon is certainly an " available " candidate in the sense that nothing serious is known against him. His administration of Kansas has been respectable, without being inspired. He has originated nothing; and the platform on which he stands is mostly a string of unedifying platitudes. His main embarrassment will be his own supporters. Mr. Hearst, Wall Street, the power trust, the Liberty League, these are not the cohorts likely to win the support of either the Trade Union vote or the unemployed. At the moment, and short of some unlooked-for catastrophe, Mr. Roosevelt does not seem likely to have a very difficult job next November.

* * *

M. Blum's first fortnight has been a remarkable one; and the contrast it has pointed with the early days of the first two Labour Governments here is notable. It is obvious that a progressive Government which wants to succeed must take a decisive initiative from the start. It must show not only that it is really prepared to govern, but also that it proposes to tackle big objectives. M. Blum, of course, is not attempting a Socialist transformation; he has not the authority to do that. But he is making his programme reality. He is steeling the determination of his followers. He is on the offensive, and he is not leaving his opponents the opportunity to recover heart. I hope the Labour movement here, and not least, the Trade Unions, are drawing the obvious inferences from this

experience. If parliamentary government can show that progressive parties can govern as energetically as dictatorships, it will relieve that sense of apathy about its power to act which has become now an urgent matter. It will not survive if, as with Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet, it has no sense of the direction in which it should move. Government means the ability to shape events and not to be shaped by them.

* * *

Publishers, one would have thought, had still some responsibilities to intellectual liberty. It was therefore both surprising and disappointing that the International Conference, with but little protest save the energetic dissent of Mr. Huebsch of the American Viking Press, should have accepted the German invitation to Leipzig in 1938. They will go to a country which has prevented its most distinguished living writers from publishing there, a country which has just prevented the publication (it has had to be transferred to Switzerland) of a fine edition of the works of Master Eckhard on the ground that its editor, the highest living authority on the subject, was not a pure Aryan. I gather that many of the members of the Conference are very unhappy at the decision. But a curious mixture of courtesy and cowardice prevented them from giving expression to their views. Some of them, I am told, were moved by fear of what might happen to the leader of the German delegation if he had been compelled to report a rejection of his invitation on his return.

* * *

I have been reading with profound admiration Mr. C. S. Forrester's *The General*; it fully deserves the eulogies that have been showered upon it. Readers of the war memoirs, and especially those of Mr. Lloyd George, will recognise the ingredients that have gone to its making; but it stands on its own feet as a work of art. It is a brilliant interpretation of the limitations of the professional mind. Mr. Forrester's hero has many important qualities. What he lacks are imagination and the belief in experiment. Training has made it impossible for him to escape from the routine of which he is a prisoner. That is not a defect confined to generals. It curses all disciplines of which the exponents are not forced from time to time to examine their postulates. The educationist, the administrator, the doctor, the lawyer, are all subject to the same danger. I am tempted to argue that the danger is more true in this country in the lawyer's case than in any other of the professions. For in the preparation for both branches of the profession there is no seriously critical training intended to direct attention to fundamentals. That is why there has been little legal philosophy in England since Austin's time; and that is also why Bentham has had no successor as a legal reformer. It is characteristic of our system that the very modest proposals of the Lord Chancellor's committee on legal education have borne no fruit. I wish Mr. Forrester would turn his attention to the law. A study from him of such a mind as that of Mr. Justice Avory (a type not unlike his Sir Herbert Curzon) might have salutary consequences.

* * *

The draft of the new Russian Constitution is a very exciting document. *Prima facie* study of it suggests a big step forward from proletarian dictatorship to socialist democracy. There is freedom of association, freedom of expression, freedom from arrest without a warrant, freedom from unreasonable search and seizure of papers except under judicial safeguards. It is true that the dominance of the Communist Party is maintained. But that is the logic of any system which, retaining the coercive power of a state, does not allow its fundamentals to be jeopardised. The new legislature will be a very interesting body. It is not clear just what its relation to the executive is to be; and I prophesy that its success will largely depend upon making the members of the Council of People's commissars effective members of the legislature. The big innovation is the praesidium of the legislature—a body of thirty-seven members. This combines the attributes of a chamber of conciliation (where the two Houses disagree), a sovereign parliament in the intervals between legislative sessions, and a supreme court passing on the constitutionality of executive interpretation of statutes. The gains in individual freedom this draft represents are wide and notable; they are politically inconceivable in Germany or Italy; they are socially inconceivable in a capitalist state. Russian economic success is producing a profound sense of internal security, and this, in its turn, is naturally producing a relaxation of political control. It would be a great thing if Stalin and his colleagues were to accompany the promulgation of the new Constitution by a generous amnesty to their political opponents. To do so would enormously enhance the prestige of Soviet Russia in the Western world; and it would be an immense psychological step towards the attainment of socialist unity.

* * *

I do not think the British Government can be congratulated on its handling of the disturbances in Palestine. There is a forcible-feebleness about it which suggests the usual indecision in policy. Why is there that indecision? How far is it the reflection of the fact that some, at least, of our officials in Palestine are known to be anti-Jewish in outlook? How far is it due to the fact that the Government, both here and in Palestine, thinks of the Arabs as a unity instead of seeing that the root of the trouble is the opposition of Arab feudalism to the disintegrating consequences of a more modern economic organisation? To suspend Jewish immigration would be to treat a symptom and not a cause. It would be indefensible save as it can be shown that immigration adversely affects the economic position of the fellaheen. All the evidence, so far, is the other way. That is recognised by the effendi and such trouble-makers as the Grand Mufti. Their leadership (whether open or concealed) of the revolt is nothing so much as an attempt to preserve under the mask of nationalism what is in fact a highly profitable system of peonage. I do not myself think that Zionism is, or can be, a solution of the Jewish question. But I do urge strongly that so long as the economic interests of the poor Arabs are safeguarded, the right of the Jews to a refuge in Palestine cannot be whittled down. To do so would be to make Great Britain an accomplice of the persecutions that are now, alas, a fixed habit of central and Eastern Europe.

* * *

I have been told an interesting story of Mr. Baldwin's view of the future leadership of the Conservative Party. He is not, my informant said, especially eager for a Chamberlain succession. He thinks Mr. W. S. Morrison the man upon whom the mantle of Elijah should fall; and he would like to hold office long enough to make this possible.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Saturn.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"I am one of those people who think the trippers have as much right to the sea as anyone else," said the Mayor. "I do not forget that these men from the East End of London and other places were ready when the call came in 1914 and were amongst the first who were prepared to give their lives for their country. If that call comes again they will again respond. We want them to be in good health so that when the time comes again they are ready to answer the call. For that reason I welcome them."—Mayor of Ramsgate reported in *Advertiser and Echo*.

"I am three years old in my new life, and this is my birthday," began Mr. "Bob" Lawrence, a butcher, of Tunbridge Wells, the next speaker. He found, too, that God could give a butcher a purpose in life. . . .

Mr. "Fred" Crouch, formerly an unemployed man, also of Tunbridge Wells, testified that he was there that evening "because a butcher was honest with his sausages." This was an allusion to the previous speaker, through whose influence "Fred" was brought into the [Oxford] Group movement.—*Kent and Sussex Courier*.

" It can be taken as a general rule that recruiting for the territorials is best where entertainments are scarce. The more other attractions are offered the less are men inclined to join the Territorial Army.

" I should like to find a way," added the general, " of getting young women into the Territorial Army, as they seem to be an incentive to the recruiting of young men."—General Sir Walter Kirke, Director-General of the Territorial Army, in *Evening Standard*.

Mrs. Evelyn Gray, of Rookwood Crescent, Osmondthorpe, Leeds, who claims to be the youngest grandmother in Yorkshire—she is 40—has volunteered to take the role of " Genesis " in the carnival. " I am not at all afraid of criticism," says Mrs. Gray, " and I should regard a portrayal of Genesis as a serious undertaking, worthy of an artistic and earnest attempt to do the job properly."—*Evening Standard*.

The Bell Tower (of Magdalen) is the finest of its kind in Oxford and possibly anywhere. It is even finer than its facsimile at Chicago University.—From a descriptive pamphlet issued in connection with the International Publishers' Congress.

While all will welcome the recent schemes for providing milk to the school-children, may I, as a school correspondent, inquire whether it is not possible to obtain straws for this purpose from our own Empire? The patriotic citizen of to-morrow should not, in my opinion, draw his bodily sustenance through straws which are labelled as being of " foreign manufacture."—Letter in the *Times*.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS AND THEIR VICTIMS

[The author of this article is the Medical Adviser to a large industrial concern and writes from first-hand experience of the working of the Act.]

In response to growing dissatisfaction and the progressive increase of industrial accidents, an Interdepartmental Committee was set up last year under the chairmanship of His Honour Judge Stewart to consider various aspects of the Workmen's Compensation Acts, although the more vital aspects of Accident Insurance practice under the present social structure are outside the terms of reference.

The magnitude of the problem may be realised by the fact that in 1934 there were 401,459 people involved in industrial accidents and diseases causing absence from work for more than three days, and 2,229 persons killed. This was an increase of 41,488 accidents and 157 deaths over the previous year, which itself showed an increase on the year before. In practice it is found that there are approximately an equal number of accidents resulting in absence from work for less than three days and therefore not notifiable to the Home Office. Even more serious from the national point of view is the rising accident rate among young workers, who are at the very threshold of their lives and at an especially susceptible age as regards nervous and emotional strain.

From the purely economic aspect, the annual cost of the claims made by injured workmen amounts to more than £6,000,000 or approximately 12*s*. per head for every employed person in the country, and the Home Office estimates that the total annual cost of such claims among the whole industrial population amounts to about £10,000,000. Quite apart from the ensuing suffering and family deprivation that can never be estimated in terms of money, the loss to the nation and to industry is considerably higher than this basic compensation figure, owing to the disorganisation of production, the training of new workers and general administrative costs.

Now the Workmen's Compensation Acts were originally drawn up to provide a simple and inexpensive procedure by which a man, injured in the course of his employment, could obtain approximately half-pay during his incapacity, with a maximum payment of 30*s*. per week: incidentally it has never been clear why a man's personal and domestic budget should fall by a half as soon as he can no longer work; actually his requirements are greater during this period. In practice, these Acts have been the source of ceaseless litigation and almost every sentence of the texts have been the subject of judicial interpretation.

Thirty years' experience has not sufficed to attain the simplicity originally hoped for and during 1935 the number of cases taken to Court in this country was 5,610, while 90 went to the Court of Appeal and seven to the House of Lords. Of necessity this legislative procedure takes time and in the intervening period the workman, although largely recovered, very seldom returns to work, as this would prejudice his chances of obtaining judgment in his favour.

It is the usual procedure for industrial concerns to insure themselves against the risks under these Acts, although some large companies are in a position to carry their own insurance. In 1920 the Holman Gregory Committee found that out of every £100 paid in premiums to Insurance Companies, only £48 actually went to the injured workers, the difference being absorbed in profits, administrative costs and legal charges. Since then the Home Office has fixed the ratio at 62.5 per cent. for claims and legal costs and 37.5 per cent. for the Insurance Companies. Under this arrangement the companies have made an average profit of 10 per cent. over the last ten years and during this period commission and management have averaged over 33 per cent., whilst the amount paid in compensation, including legal and medical charges, was just over 56 per cent.

As the companies are working for profit, and are apparently very successful in the process, it follows that it is more remunerative to keep up the premiums and keep down the liabilities, so that the worker finds himself pitted against an organisation with ample legal and medical talent whose prime object is to dispose of the case for the least possible expenditure.

Quite apart from the physical damage, there is an associated mental change that usually gets worse with the passage of time. Immediately after the accident the workman's prime interest is to get well and to return to work as soon as possible, but in the course of time the habit of work gets lost and the man subconsciously regresses to take on a number of childish characteristics, due to the extensive introspection that accompanies all illness and the inadequate and disorganised treatment he receives.

Despite the fact that approximately six million pounds a year is spent by industrial concerns, no systematic arrangements exist for treating the man who actually receives the injury. Unlike the American and Austrian companies, the tariff companies in this country have no financial interest in preventing accidents owing to the system outlined above, by which they have to adjust their premium to the amount paid out in respect of claims, and the industrial concern which takes active steps to reduce accidents in its factory secures no reduction of premiums.

In view of general dissatisfaction the British Medical Association appointed a Committee in 1934 to investigate the subject and the publication of their findings in 1935 caused something of a furore in that most conservative of professions. They drew attention to the lack of systematic treatment for the injured workman and showed that in Liverpool and Manchester, where organised fracture clinics exist, the cases get well in rather less than one-third of the time taken in towns where there is no centralised treatment. Even more interesting is the evidence given about Bohler's Clinic in Vienna, which contains 120 beds and the requisite facilities for treating all the industrial accidents in the city. An essential feature of the organisation is that it is supported entirely by the Insurance Companies. In the words of the B.M.A. report: " Their experience has led them to regard the money expended on its maintenance as a highly remunerative investment." Although it was started in 1926, the stimulus came primarily from the Socialists, who were then in power and were the indirect sponsors of the scheme.

The disinclination of the Insurance Companies to take any active steps to alter a state of affairs in which they have no financial incentive, combined with the general inertia of the employers, can be solved only by the formation of a State Insurance Fund, which would provide organised medical treatment in recognised centres in each area, with accident pre-

vention assistance for individual firms and would be in a position to supervise the rehabilitation and placement of individual cases. In the past, opposition to a State Fund has come from vested interests who have contended that it would be more expensive and less efficient than the existing system. It is difficult to visualise any arrangement less satisfactory than the present one, and the experience of a State system abroad, has proved its efficacy most conclusively. For instance, in Canada each Province operates a State Fund with excellent results. The administrative costs are 15 per cent. of premium income, as compared with the 37½ per cent. allowed in this country. The cases are supervised by a medical board, who are actively interested in sponsoring organised treatment in each area, for which they pay on a sliding scale according to the nature of the injury. There are no legal disputes with their attendant costs and their adverse mental effects on the injured man. Industrial concerns pay a premium based on their individual past experience, so that there is a direct incentive for safety work to be carried out thoroughly, and not just to escape the censure of the Factory Inspector, as so often occurs in this country.

Such a system could be introduced in Great Britain, provided the opposition of vested interests were overcome; unfortunately the association of inertia among many employers and self interest among the Insurance Companies makes a strong combination, that only the pressure of public opinion will overcome and thus rescue the injured worker from the legal labyrinth in which he finds himself at present.

G. K. C.

IF you consult *Who's Who*, you will find that the first book of G. K. Chesterton's verse mentioned is called *The Wild Knight*, and that the first book of his prose mentioned is called *The Defendant*. The titles were prophetic. Chesterton was to go through life perpetually playing the part of the defendant in the spirit of the wild knight. He would have agreed with those military authorities who hold that the best form of defence is offence, and he ranged the landscape daily for enemies against whom he could defend himself—or, at least, against whom he could defend the causes in which he believed. He had an enormous appetite for fighting, and, if he had been an Irish peasant living in the days of faction fights, his great bulk would have been conspicuous at every neighbouring fair, his cudgel twirled above his head, and his eyes alight with the joy of battle. He was a fighter of an unusual kind, however. He could hate and yet remain magnanimous in his hatred. He could fight with all the ferocity of sincerity, and at the same time enjoy the whole thing as if it were the most glorious fun. If he had been asked to describe himself in a phrase he might have called himself a "frivolous fanatic," and he might have gone on to explain that fanatics were the only beings except the angels who had any right to be frivolous. There was certainly a strain of angelic frivolity in Chesterton's genius that enabled even those who quarrelled with his arguments to think of him with constant delight.

If it had not been for this strain of angelic frivolity, it is possible that he might have become one of the greatest pessimists of his age. For, ever since his early years, he saw the world under the control of the powers of darkness—first, Imperialists, South African millionaires, Puritans and *fin-de-siècle* writers and artists, and, later on, birth-controllers, party politicians, collectivists, psycho-analysts, and enemies of the Catholic Church. He saw the tide of modernism pouring in and himself, like a twentieth-century Canute, hopelessly unable to stop it with the magic of words. Yet, even in his helplessness, he went on laughing and asserting that the world is a jolly place. He was the only man of his age who could call a thing "jolly" and make you feel that "jolly" was a living word that really meant something. He would probably have attributed this to the fact that he believed in God and that he believed in the ordinary man, and have argued that, even in a world controlled by birth-controllers and reformed by divorce-law-reformers, a man who can still retain his faith both in divinity and in humanity has the best possible grounds for optimism. What he once wrote of Browning might have been written of himself: "He is called an optimist; but the word suggests a calculated contentment which was not in the least one of his vices. What he really was was a romantic. . . . He did not explain evil, far less explain it away: he enjoyed defying it. He was a troubadour even in theology and metaphysics. . . . He may be said to have serenaded Heaven with a guitar."

Chesterton, in his appreciation of the glory and joy of life in a world perpetually harried by the Devil, saw a divine beauty even in King's Cross Station. He believed in the existence of Hell, but that did not prevent him from celebrating the beauty of asparagus in the mouths of mortals. He gloried in the achievements of the saints and martyrs, but he also shared the wild raptures of the schoolboy immersed in a penny dreadful. There was never a Pagan Greek who regarded the pleasures of life with a benigner eye. There were critics who occasionally when they were exasperated with Chesterton maintained that his joviality, his hilarity, was forced. No one who ever heard him laugh could believe this. I have been at a dull enough banquet at which a speaker made a mild enough joke, and have seen all the tables set on a roar

not by the joke itself, but by the peculiar "hing-hing-hing" of Chesterton's laughter at it, increasing in volume and rising and falling as the rest of the diners joined in. Chesterton could have made any banquet a success by the infectiousness and magnificent appreciativeness of his laughter. It was difficult to hear it and not, for the moment, to feel that life was worth living.

The truth is, Chesterton was in all things the most natural of men. If anyone else had appeared in his wide-brimmed hat, his flowing cape, and with his untidy flood of hair, he would have been suspected of posing. But one could almost

believe that Nature originally chose Chesterton's clothes for him, as she chose his equally original features. Even the enormous Spanish knife that he carried about with him to sharpen his pencils was just such a knife as seemed most natural to use for the purpose. Once, when engaged in a debate on Socialism in a Dublin theatre, Chesterton wished to make a note while his opponent was speaking. Finding that his stub of pencil needed sharpening, he produced his lethal weapon on the platform and began slowly sharpening the pencil. At sight of the knife, the audience went into such prolonged fits of laughter that the Socialist speaker was unable to continue for some minutes. Everybody in the hall thought that the production of the knife was one of Chesterton's jokes. But it was not. It was as natural to him as taking a hansom or, later on, a taxi. And heaven knows that was natural enough to him. While he lived in London he was the most notorious cab-user of his age. And he did not use cabs like you and me, merely for purposes of transportation. He believed that cabs were meant, not merely for travelling in, but to be kept waiting outside. It used to be told of him that when he was in need of money, he would take a hansom from Battersea to some Fleet Street office that owed him for an article and, bidding the cabby wait for him, would go in to see the cashier. Having drawn his money, he would drop into a fellow-journalist's room, sit down, and begin talking. In the course of conversation he would forget all about the cab with the fare mounting up, and, having spent a happy hour, would say good-bye to his friend, only to fall in with another acquaintance on the stairs. More talk, more laughter, more forgetfulness of the cab outside. And so it would go on, according to the legend, till, when he arrived home at Battersea, he found that the fare had mounted so high that, after paying it, he had only a few shillings left of the money he had taken so much time and trouble to collect. The legend may be an exaggeration, but it suggests something of the unworldly extravagance of Chesterton's nature.

This extravagance appears in his writing—extravagance of vision, extravagance of words. Everything that he wrote—fiction, history, biography, criticism, theology, political pamphlets, drama, poems, essays—might be described as an extravaganza. He did not see London connected with Heaven by a ladder, like Francis Thompson: he saw pieces of London and of Heaven all mixed up together like the parts of an unsolved jig-saw puzzle, and he spent his life solving the puzzle section by section to his own great delight and to the exhilaration of his century.

The literary form that came to him most naturally, perhaps, was the essay. He himself denied that he was an essayist; he said that what he wrote were articles. But here he made a false distinction, I think. He believed that he was too pugnacious and controversial to be called an essayist. The best reply to this is that while, as a rule, the essayists have been neither fiercely pugnacious nor controversial, Chesterton brought pugnacity and controversy into the essay and gave them as personal and imaginative an expression as Addison gave to his social sallies or Lamb to his confessions. Chesterton, indeed, seems to me, in one sense of the word, never to have written—in prose—anything except essays. He once compared the essayist to the nobleman's son of Mr. Wodehouse's invention who, on being appealed to by his father to behave if possible like a sane and rational human being, replied with a solemn fervour: "I'll have a jolly good stab at it, Governor." Chesterton himself, whatever he took in hand, always seemed to be having "a jolly good stab at it." His genius was of the hit-or-miss order—jokes that deserve to be immortal mixed up with jokes that are a crackle of words, images that are no more illuminating than back-garden fireworks mingled with arguments that seem to give light to truth as a sunrise gives light to the world. His genius was at once that of the journalist and that of the man of letters. He was a rhetorician with imagination—a writer who, at his most inspired, may be said to have thought in images. The religious and political ideals for which he fought may wax or wane, but he, at least, is certain to be remembered as one who fought for them with the most inspired originality and who, in so doing, helped to increase not only the humanity but the festivity of his age.

Y. Y.

JOYOUS AND REFRESHING

EXPENSES usually include first-class travel. You can, of course, go third and pocket the difference, but honour forbids. Besides, you might be met at the other end.

Moreover, there is a spiritual gain in travelling first. The smooth springing, the soft cushioning, the deferential service and the comforting knowledge that the risk of being telescoped varies inversely with the fare, conduce to the frame of mind which in a rapidly and peacefully flowing landscape enables one to look at life *sub specie aeternitatis*. Thus it was that we discussed the absurdly exaggerated fears of the next war. Not the fears that there might be a war. It was coming all right. But the exaggerated fears of the effects. He was short, full of face, rubicund and so obviously a life-long patron of our oldest ally that even his thoughts must have gone round clockwise. Well, suppose we lost five million all told in the affair. How many would that leave? Over forty million. Good Lord, England was great on half that number! England was great on ten millions. Looking back one could see that the pullulation of the nineteenth century was an abnormality: the system couldn't absorb it. No system could absorb it. And what a mess it had left! He waved his hand at the sooty scenery which ushers in and out an urban railway station. A lot of that could go and good riddance. Take London. Anything east of Liverpool Street. Or Leeds. How much of that would you want to see standing after a raid? Had I ever been round Stockton? I countered by contributing Kidderminster to the holocaust. Agreed, but, with a twinkle, wasn't I getting a little near some of Stanley's beauty spots? Of course we had to keep *them* away from some things. Oxford, he insisted rather sharply. Oxford! I should have guessed. This was Balliol of the late nineties talking. We resumed our tour of the devastatable areas. The Lancashire cotton towns? Ha, our sardonic laughs synchronised. The whole damn lot and the industry with them. Let the Japanese have it. Why should we carry the junk of the Industrial Revolution? Then, with modern speeds a squadron could flatten Merthyr Tydvil and be home before daylight. . . .

But I had to alight. If I had worn my new light coat instead of the old mac there might have been a week-end invitation in it. As it was there was a touch of dismissal in his farewell. How does one get oil stains out of a mackintosh?

Pondering over the matter afterwards, it struck me that here was another case, and an urgent one, for planning in advance. The country ought to be officially surveyed on these lines. I have been particularly impressed by two charts in my time. One was a German artillery map of our back areas with blue shading for the parts "to be liberally besprinkled" and red shading for the parts "to be utterly destroyed." The other was a *Carte Sociologique de Paris* with variegated colouring to show the *classes riches*, *classes moyennes aisées*, *quartiers ouvriers*, *quartiers pauvres* and *quartiers misérables*. This country should be worked over on a combination of the two processes and the military plan be superimposed on the result. Thus the factories for T.N.T. and other ingredients which periodically go up with biblical portentousness should be located in the *quartiers pauvres* or *misérables*, and be displayed in red shading. Other essential but less combustible munitions and equipment could be manufactured in the *quartiers ouvriers* and at a pinch the blue could encroach on the *moyennes aisées* areas. The complete survey—a sort of bombing guide to Great Britain—should be forwarded with our compliments to all foreign chancelleries and also registered with The Hague, Geneva and any other institutions qualified to act as umpires in case of boundary disputes. We should let it be known that in the matter of bombing we were prepared to abide strictly

by the red and blue demarcations and that we were willing to extend reciprocal treatment on these lines. The large white circle around Oxford, we should point out, represented a demilitarised zone, and we should greatly appreciate it if enemy airmen traversing this zone during term time would shut off their engines. In return we could engage that any commissioned officers brought down in the vicinity would be made fellows for the duration, while non-commissioned ranks with rowing qualifications would also receive favoured treatment.

All this is tentative, but I trust my impartiality is evidenced by the fact that there is little chance of my ever rising above the *moyenne aisée*, liberally besprinkled group.

G. L. S.

Correspondence

NATIONAL UNITY AGAINST WAR

SIR,—In your leader of February 27th, 1936, you wrote as follows :

> In the conditions of international anarchy, any war will be fought to maintain the Balance of Power, or to support an ally's view of his rights, or to enforce the Government's views of British colonial or commercial interests. Those are not things for which the Labour movement is prepared to . . . support a capitalist Government in war. . . . The collective system is the only bridge between the workers and a capitalist Government. . . . We warn the Government now that if they continue to refuse to apply sanctions effectively . . . Labour's reply will be to organise the masses for refusal to fight, or to work, for this Government in any war on any pretext. . . . Labour will hold the Government responsible for the dangerous situation that will arise if they persist in a course that will make it impossible to achieve national unity in case of war.

The moment has not yet quite come for that threat to be carried out. But it is now high time for the question to be thought out and for action to be prepared, so that the threat of it may be effective in making war less likely. Yet " to organise the workers to refuse to fight, or to work, for this Government in any war " is a decision so desperate (both for those who will have to do the refusing, and for their country) that nobody has the right to propose it without showing that it is absolutely necessary.

Why is it necessary? Consider the consequences of ruling out " war resistance." Some members of the Government, and some of its influential supporters, are willing to risk war to keep hold of the Empire, but not for collective security. For example, on April 6th Mr. Neville Chamberlain attacked the Opposition for wanting " to wave a revolver in the face of aggressors regardless of whether that revolver was loaded or not," and then—in the same speech—declared :

> We would not think of . . . handing over [the Colonies and Mandates] to any other Power, *even for the sake of obtaining that general peaceful settlement which all of us so much desire*, unless we were satisfied that the interests of all sections of the populations inhabiting those territories were fully safeguarded.

Again, Sir Edward Grigg, a very lukewarm sanctionist at the time of Italy's attack on Abyssinia, now hopes that Italy will really abolish slavery in Abyssinia, not exploit the Abyssinians, give equal economic opportunity to all the Powers and not raise or arm troops there, and adds :

> If she would not agree with us on principles of that kind we must see that our naval power and our air power in North Africa and the Mediterranean were beyond all challenge, whatever that challenge might be.

If the British Government will risk war for the sake of keeping colonies but not for collective security, then England is doomed to devastation. For the most superb navy and the most " terrific " force of bombers cannot protect our crowded cities and ports against large-scale attacks from the air, and a hopelessly vulnerable country trying to guard a coveted empire with armaments of great aggressive power is a danger to itself and to all Europe. Yet this is the policy into which we are drifting. Some threat of war resistance is essential if we are to reverse that drift.

But while to rule out war resistance would give *carte blanche* to the imperialists, an unconditional threat of refusal to fight or work in any war in which a capitalist Government is involved would be quite as dangerous, because it would simply give *carte blanche* to Hitler. An unconditional threat of war resistance would be an invitation to aggression.

It follows that there should be a clear threat of large-scale war resistance on certain conditions only. Not only the Trade Unions but all classes of the peace-conscious public should discuss now, and make clear in advance, when they will resist. We should resist, first, if the Government evades the Covenant of the League. We should resist, secondly, if it goes on rearming with weapons of great offensive power, unless that rearmament be limited to a level to which the partners in collective security have precisely agreed. Thirdly, we should resist now certain measures of passive defence, if they are calculated to save morale rather than lives, if they endanger liberty, and unless they are an alternative, not an addition, to rearmament.

A clear threat of large-scale war-resistance on these conditions could be very effective in helping to prevent war, by making this Government adopt a new policy of defence without menace. For, in the first place, public opinion can do much, even between elections, simply by being wide-awake and clearly expressed. (That was shown last December, when the British people compelled a Government whose parliamentary majority was overwhelming to drop the Hoare-Laval proposals for the reward of aggression.) Whenever there is danger of war, every Government has to try to secure national unity in full support of a prolonged struggle if war should come ; and it is not likely to get immediate or lasting national unity if it does not convince the public that the war is in self-defence. But any Power, even if it becomes the victim of aggression, is still partly and gravely responsible for the war if its own armaments are menacing, if its contributions to collective security are uncertain, or if it does not try to meet the real grievances of " have-not " countries. If the public is brought to realise this, the man-in-the-street will be able to do something considerable to prevent war by showing the Government clearly and quickly that it will not get national unity in any war unless its own armaments are non-menacing. Conversely, a democracy attacked by a dictatorship would achieve immediate and unwavering unity if only its people were sure that the policy of their rulers had been, not imperialism and bombers, but pure self-defence tangibly expressed by attempts to get real collective security and by the reduction of vulnerability and menace to a minimum. This is the way for a democracy to counter the military advantages of the dictatorships. It is for us to make this clear both to the British Government and to other countries.

To make it plain that the threat of large-scale war-resistance will really be carried out if the policy of imperialism and menacing rearmament goes on, two things might well be done now. First, let everyone who reads this find out at once what the local authority is doing about passive defence where he or she lives, and bring to bear reasoned criticism, and, if necessary, resistance. Some measures of passive defence it is essential to support ; for without threatening other countries or undermining liberty they may save many lives and so, by making air attack less likely to be decisive, make it less likely to be tried. (To store a year's food in small and dispersed elevators, to multiply the fire brigades several times, to recruit and train " clearing parties "—these are examples of real passive defence.) Other measures offer a false security and undermine liberty (for example, this is true of anti-gas drills). It is essential to resist these ; and it is largely a job for individuals and local groups.

Secondly, the T.U.C. and the International Federation of Trades Unions should discuss once more the threat of a general strike in the event of war—but on precise conditions, as suggested above. Formerly the discussions on a " general strike against war " broke down because an unconditional or vaguely conditioned strike would be less likely to avert war than to lay open to aggression the countries where Labour is well organised. But this objection does not apply to the threat of a general strike to be carried out only if the Government persists in a policy that must provoke, but cannot repel, attack.

If Labour does not drive capitalist Governments, by a definite threat of large-scale war-resistance, to apply a combined policy of collective security and non-menacing national defence, Labour may well find that when it once more forms a Government it is too late to avert a war. But the conditions on which alone the threat is to be carried out will have to be defined in advance ; otherwise its effect would only be to tempt attack and make our contributions to collective security less certain.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

A POPULAR FRONT IN BRITAIN

SIR,—May I comment on G. D. H. Cole's "And What About England?" He combines his usual masterly grasp of principle in his appreciation that there is no question at present of a Popular Front in England with that occasional innocence on practical questions—in advocating that the Labout Party should admit the Communist Party to affiliation.

Such a proposal, which would if put into practice give the National Government spokesmen a fine stick with which to beat Labour, simply does not fit the facts of 1936. Prior to 1918 it is true the Labour Party was really a federal body, containing the I.L.P. mildly Socialist, the S.D.F. rigid Marxist—sometimes in the Party and sometimes out, and the Trade Unions only partly Socialist. Since 1918, however, there has been a steady development towards what may be termed a moderate Labour Party Socialism embracing in a unitary fashion all members. There is now no room for affiliated political bodies with separate brands of Socialism. The I.L.P. have departed of their own accord; the Fabian Society and the ghost of the S.D.F. do not claim to be national organisations. There remains the Socialist League, concerning which Mr. Cole (and I) once entertained such high hopes. No one knows better than G. D. H. Cole what failure and what friction have attended its efforts.

The Communists differ far too substantially in principle and in organisation from the Labour Party to work inside that body. It is safe to say that the carrying of a motion for Communist affiliation would split the Labour Party. Co-operation between the two parties in view of the Communist change of front is, of course, another and reasonable desideratum.

I am sorry Mr. Cole has to make the traditional objection to the Transport House officials, they are merely carrying out Conference and Executive decisions. Moreover, there is constructive work being done within the Labour Party on new propaganda methods.

D. M. FRASER,
Hon. Sec., 1936 Fabian Group

SIR,—The policy of united action by those political organisations in this country already separately pledged to the opposition of Fascism, war and policies conducing thereto, has for many people passed beyond a question of principle to one of method. Examples from recent European history, whether of disruption and disaster from Germany and Austria or of sweeping electoral victories from Spain and France, alike point to the same moral. The question now arises how best to apply that moral to the particular circumstances obtaining in this country. The triumph in varying degree of the Left in France and Spain have aroused considerable enthusiasm for some form of the *Front Populaire*; there are others who are convinced that the union of preponderantly working-class Parties must precede any such larger project.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole in his article in the current issue of this paper states that an *alliance* between the Labour Party and the Communists would be inappropriate on account of the comparatively small numbers of the latter and urges, therefore, the re-affiliation to which, so far as one is aware, Transport House is still opposed. Many of us, during the last Election, enjoyed the assistance of Communists strictly unofficially and upon terms imposed by the local Labour Party, but for how long is it either fair or reasonable to suppose that this state of affairs, which is implied in reaffiliation, would continue? Any official connection with the Labour Party must involve for the Communists the cessation, at least temporarily, of certain forms of propaganda. Would not a negotiated alliance have far more chance of both temporary and permanent success than a largely unreal surrender by either side; in which on the one hand Communists would be accepted practically without evidence of sincerity or upon the other they would be compelled to a sacrifice of conviction and principle?

8/49 Roland Gardens, S.W.7. HELEN M. KEYNES

SIR,—Mr. Cole, in your last week's issue, seems to contend that the Liberal Party is not of the Left; apparently the reason is that it stands, not for one side or the other in the spurious "Capital-Labour" conflict, but for a real solution of the social issues involved.

In the face of a social order in which six per cent. of the population own three-quarters of the property, and an economic order in which new capital as it is created goes, not to the workers who created it, but to the owners of the old capital, the Liberal Party proposes a series of reforms to ensure that wealth shall progressively be more widely spread, that the worker shall be entitled, through profit-sharing and co-partnership, to some part of the new capital values he has helped to create, and that all shall have an equally good start in the competition for wages and salaries. Details of policy can be found in the "Liberal Way." This is the straightforward path to social justice—straighter and more promising far than the "strike movement involving the unlawful occupation of factories and the suspension of" Liberal "newspapers," with which Mr. Cole would test our sincerity. As far as the mass of the people is concerned—and it is for them that Mr. Cole and we Liberals are both concerned—ownership for all is a more far-reaching change than the mere transfer of ownership from one master, the shareholder, to another, the Socialist State.

It is a significant warning of Mr. Cole's prejudice against Liberalism and Liberals that, for all his copious knowledge of current affairs generally, he simply does not know the name of the Liberal leader.

J. HOWARD BLACK
(Vice-Chairman, National League of Young Liberals)

Reform Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

ARABS AND JEWS

SIR,—The correspondence published in your issue of June 6th on Arabs and Jews reveals in striking fashion the inadequacy of abstract political formulae when applied mechanically to a case which is so obviously *sui generis* as is that of present-day Palestine. The main contention of Mr. Ashbee as well as of Mr. Jeffries appears to be that the Jews are an "alien race" in Palestine and cannot be provided with a national home there without the consent of the Arabs. Mr. Ashbee happens to be in a fortunate position. Being an Englishman he has a national home. I, as a Jew, have none, for reasons for which neither I nor my forefathers are to be blamed. Mr. Ashbee considers that the Jews are aliens in regard to Palestine; to the Hitler government, however, they are aliens in Germany, while a good many other countries on the Continent of Europe are squeezing out Jews from all economic positions and are heaping oppressions and humiliations on them because they, too, consider them as an "alien race."

It was this basic fact of the homelessness and suppression of the Jew which produced the Balfour Declaration. At a creative moment in history it was realised that among the other grave national problems the eternal "Jewish Question" had to be solved, and that the only effective solution lay in the reconstitution of a national centre for the Jews in the country which had been their ancient home and to which their attachment had never ceased throughout the ages of the Dispersion. The fact that that country was only sparsely populated and that the Jews, coming from the West, might by the application of rational methods of cultivation be able to effect their re-settlement without detriment to the Arab population lent weight to the policy. The actual progress of the Jewish work of reconstruction has amply justified the Balfour Declaration. Palestine has, in these sixteen years, developed from a primitive agrarian country, largely neglected and malaria-ridden, into a flourishing community, with rising standards of life, good communications, modern methods of agricultural production, a growing industry and ever-improving conditions of health. No one has benefited more from this development than the Arab population.

Mr. Ferrars and Mr. Seyuch maintain that the Arab "squatters" had been transformed into a new landless proletariat and that it was to this that the present troubles had to be traced. The allegation is devoid of all substance, as proved by official inquiry. The report of the Administration of Palestine to the Secretary of the League of Nations for 1934 records the following significant facts:

> Up to 31st December, 1934, the Development Offices had received 3,236 applications for admission to the Register of Landless Arabs. So far, 656 heads of families have been admitted to the Register. In all, 2,578 claims were disallowed, and two claims were still under examination at the end of the year. . . . All registered Arabs who have signified their willingness to take up holdings upon Government estates have been accommodated.

This statement, I submit, should dispose of the bogy of alleged Arab landlessness, as a pretended cause of the present disturbances.

Your correspondents appear to be entirely ignorant of the actual facts regarding the relationship between Jewish and Arab organised labour. There exists one mixed Jewish-Arab Trade Union—the Railway and Postal Workers' Union—which was established by the Palestine Jewish Federation of Labour as far back as fifteen years ago. In other trades the Jewish Labour Federation has been organising Arab workmen in special unions

which are linked up with the corresponding Jewish fellow-unions, and which are supported by them in their Trade Union activities and in such other matters as health insurance benefit, legal advice, etc. Such Unions now exist in Jaffa, Haifa, and some of the smaller places. The allegations of your correspondents that the Jews are the aristocrats of labour and the Arabs the unskilled and unorganised workers, and that there exists in Palestine a new form of Slave State, are devoid of all foundation. Jewish labour in Palestine is represented in all strata of the labour market. Such representation is, indeed, regarded by Jewish organised labour as the fundamental condition for the establishment of the Jewish National Home on a sound social and economic basis.

18 Victoria Street, S.W.1. DOV HOS
(Member of the Executive of the Jewish Federation of Labour of Palestine)

SIR,—May I plead for a realistic approach to the problem of Palestine? Could not these points be considered from various angles?

(1) In several quarters recently the suggestion has been made of zoning Palestine, notably by Mr. Archer Cust and Mrs. Steuart Erskine in her *Palestine of the Arabs*.

(2) Could the French Government be seriously approached with a view to opening Syria or parts of Syria to the Jews? People in this country tend to forget that Palestine is the size of Wales and that the number of Jewish refugees shows no sign of decreasing. If there is such a thing as a public conscience—there is a demand that the Jews should have some place in the world where they may live a life of their own. But equally the Arabs should have some safeguard against being swamped in a country they have lived in for 1,300 years. This fear is as real as the fear of unemployment is in England and America.

Anyone who knows Arab life realises that, while there are feudal elements in it, it is also democratic. When one visits a Bedouin Sheikh not only are all his sons sitting in the reception tent, but the shepherds and the grinders and roasters of the coffee beans. In the same way in a Mukktar's house, the whole village comes to listen and discuss when a visitor appears.

Some people think that Ibn Saud's success is due to the fact that he realises the desire of the Arabs to discuss and criticise and gives them the opportunity. In Western civilisation the art of conversation is forgotten, also the fact that it is a form of self-expression. The purpose of these remarks is to demonstrate the necessity of some form of Legislative Council.

(3) It surely is not beyond the wit of members of the "Mother of Parliaments" to suggest a form which will adequately safeguard the rights of *all* inhabitants of Palestine:

The fact remains that some straight thinking has got to be done by all concerned, and the present situation surveyed with tolerance, understanding and humour. A PALESTINIAN RESIDENT

SIR,—Two aspects of the Palestine question have scarcely received adequate attention in your columns. One is the Arab's case, the other is what may be called international opinion on Britain's policy. May I contribute a few lines on the latter?

International opinion is accusing *Albion perfide* of encouraging Jewish immigration into Palestine for two reasons. First, because the development of the country by Jews will provide a useful field for the export of British capital and industrial goods. (The Prudential Assurance Company, according to the *Financial Times* of May 30th, "is interested in investments there to the extent of over £P.1,000,000," and Palestine's imports from this country, according to the Midland Bank Review for Nov.-Dec., 1935, amounted to £P.3,000,000 in 1934.) Secondly, because the juxtaposition of two incompatible peoples in Palestine will make our presence as umpire indispensable—and therefore will enable us to continue in control of the Palestine routes to the East.

We may deplore this interpretation of our Palestine policy; but it behoves us not to ignore it. J. HAMPDEN JACKSON

Hailey Lane, Hertford.

IN A BRAZILIAN PRISON

SIR,—In your issue of June 6th Mr. Richard Freeman gave a realistic account of his recent Brazilian misadventure, having happened to be for a short time under arrest at the Central Police Station in Rio.

To many people in England it will seem hardly credible that the political opponents of the Brazilian Government should be regularly subjected to torture at the hands of the Special Police.

I am afraid that I must confirm this fact. A passage in the article describing Mr. Freeman's conversation with another inhabitant of the prison runs as follows:

> So he had set to work to tell me the stories of the prisoners in that room. He told me to look at the hands of a man sitting in the corner of the room. The hands were in a horrible condition: some of the nails looked as if they had been stripped off. He had been beaten and had had spikes driven under his nails during interrogation by the Special Police. *Another man, whose conversation he translated for me, said that he had been beaten himself and then had had his wife beaten insensible in front of him in order to extract information.* He pointed to other men in the room who had been beaten with rubber truncheons.

I write as the unfortunate sister of the man to whom, as I have every reason to believe, the sentence italicised by me refers. Authenticated documents in the possession of the New York lawyer Joseph R. Brodsky tell the full tale of the ghastly tortures which my brother, a former member of the German Reichstag, Arthur Ernst Ewert, and his wife, Elise Auguste Ewert, were made to endure weeks on end by the Special Police in Rio.

According to unconfirmed reports dated May 20th last my brother and my sister-in-law have been released. I have cabled a request to the President of the Mexican Republic, Cardenas, to offer provisionally an asylum to them in his country. I had to take this step in view of the imminent danger of their being forced to embark on a German ship in case of their release.

181 Maida Vale, W.9. MINNA EWERT.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE IN LONDON

SIR,—The co-ordinating principle of our English Poor Laws is seen to be the acceptance of public responsibility for the poor, and the methods by which this responsibility has been discharged have varied at different times and places.

Publicity has recently been given in your columns to changes that have been made in Public Assistance administration since the last L.C.C. election. They are said to show great improvements over the alleged maladministration of the Municipal Reform party. Evidence in support of these allegations is lacking, also any reference to the Poplarised condition of parts of London prior to the transfer of the Poor Law functions to the L.C.C. which made the task of introducing sound administration one of grave difficulty. It is stated that there is little real criticism of this side of the Council's work. Nothing, indeed, is farther from the truth, and in view of the importance of the subject will you allow me to refer to a few points recently made in your pages?

In the first place, it is indicated that the critical social service of Public Assistance is governed by expediency and by fear of electoral disaster and not by sound principles. The fundamental error of much of the present administration is that these are frequently ignored.

It is stated that work training and instruction provided for able-bodied recipients of relief by the Municipal Reform party was penal and deterrent. It is true that the Socialist party in minority denounced the training given, and equally true that in majority they have left the training unchanged and have extended its use. As the Socialist party on the L.C.C. do not value residential training as Miss Bondfield did they normally deprive married men of the assistance it can give. Also, in disagreement with Mr. Greenwood, they cut down the hours of attendance at the non-residential training centres. Complacency forbids examination of the effect of these decisions on the men and their families, so none is made.

The increase of cases and of relief is referred to with approval, and it is claimed that a satisfactory balance is achieved between sympathy for applicants and care for public funds. It is common knowledge that economic conditions have improved, and it is difficult for those who are aware of this and of much unsound administration by the Socialist party to admit the justice of this claim. There is no equity in easing the family means test if unjust burdens are thereby thrown on the community.

It is claimed that the revolutionary change introduced in the substitution of salaried officers for the relief committees is a great improvement.

In 1930 the Municipal Reform party, continuing the traditional service of 100 years for the poor of London, entrusted the administration of relief to experienced citizens who were assisted by highly qualified officers. These citizens have been swept away by the new method, the comparatively few remaining committees

deal with only about 3 per cent. of the total number of cases and the provision that they may " call for " any of the remainder is practically useless. The present system is secret, bureaucratic and undemocratic. It may be asked why such a drastic step has been taken? The reply is found in one word—expediency.

The Socialist party on the L.C.C. in deciding on this new method of discharging their responsibilities for the poor of London ignore the fact that dictatorship in local and national government is the menace of the age. C. FULFORD

The County Hall,
London, S.E.1.

THE DANGERS OF BEING HUMAN

SIR,—Critic's comments on Dr. Glover's " The Dangers of Being Human " and the latter's reply prompt us to point out that the opinions expressed are Dr. Glover's own, and are not the inevitable result of applying psycho-analytical theory to current practical problems. He develops certain aspects of the theory to support his views, but by neglecting other aspects he does an injustice to that science.

He says in his book, " Under the surface man presents the same mental equipment as his ancestors of ten thousand years ago " (p. 37). But he omits the important consideration that man's utilisation of this equipment has undergone modification; and that a great deal of this modification is due to the development of social conscience, which is a stabilising force in social relations and is to be sharply differentiated from " undisciplined idealisation."

It is true that " immediate peace of mind," and a tendency to put his faith in myths, is preferred by man to an objective assessment of potential dangers; and that man's good intentions can be employed to obscure his sense of reality. But it is also true that good intentions have reality, both within the mind and in practical affairs. It is important to pay attention to the primitive impulses when viewing peoples, savage or civilised; but it is equally important to give weight to the interplay of them with the constructive forces in the mind, which find expression in reform and, as Critic remarks, in " economic and cultural co-operation."

Excessive fear is undoubtedly a great stimulus to aggression, as Dr. Glover says, but, as Critic observes, it is also true that " there is less fear and less sadism where there is law than where there is anarchy. . . . The only way to reduce fear is to substitute law for anarchy." The model on which law and order in communities, and co-operation among groups, is founded is the growth and development of self-control and goodwill in the individual.

11 Kent Terrace, N.W.1. JOHN RICKMAN, M.D.
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Miscellany

"FIGARO" AND "LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN"

OF Mozart's four great operas (omitting *Idomeneo* for special reasons), one always has the experience after a really adequate performance of any one of them of thinking: " Well, after all, this is the best." And this was my experience after hearing last week the first performance this season at Glyndebourne of *Le Nozze di Figaro* with a slightly different cast than that of last year. Outstanding as was the production last year it was even surpassed on this occasion, for this year there are two or three distinct improvements in the cast, good as last year's cast was. Also, it was a pleasure to find that the Susanna of Audrey Mildmay was much in advance of last year's performance in clarity and sureness both of singing and acting. Miss Audrey Mildmay is one of the greatest testimonials to Fritz Busch and his assistants that one could point to, for when she first sang two years ago at Glyndebourne she was in some ways immature, and even at Sadler's Wells last winter her performance as Susanna was not conspicuously meritorious. Last week, however, her Susanna was really excellent; her voice took its right place in the ensembles with splendid effect and her representation of the part was full of life and precision as regards the acting, while she did not drag but maintained the rhythm in her singing.

The Figaro of Fassbender last year was very good in many ways and one was particularly grateful to hear a forceful representation of the part; but to Fassbender's virtues Mariano Stabile—the famous Italian baritone, whom I have not heard for years but whom I have always admired—added a subtlety, a polish and a wealth of fine expressiveness that were incomparable. This is the greatest Figaro I have ever heard, and it is indeed a pleasure to see and hear such a fine artist upon the stage. It was the greatest good fortune that in addition to this supreme Figaro there should have been added a performance of the Count Almaviva by John Brownlee that surpassed that good performance by Roy Henderson last year and was in fact the best thing I have ever heard John Brownlee do. To his usual excellent presence, fine voice and good musicianship he added a verve and gallantry that I did not quite expect from him. So much so that I now want to hear his Don Giovanni again, for it was only in fire and a certain careless vivid rapture that his performance of the Don on the first night of *Don Giovanni* was lacking. I confess to an extreme partiality for the Cherubino of Luise Helletsgruber, although I admit that her voice at times sounds a little tight as if the production were not as easy as it might be. But what exquisite singing, what sensibility, grace and charm she brings to the part! This is, indeed, Mozart's conception of Cherubino without any doubt, and her rendering of his first marvellous aria in Act I was one of those profoundly touching experiences that can never be forgotten. The Bartolo of Salvatore Baccaloni was, as one might have expected from his Leporello, masterly, but I do not care for the peculiar quality that Heddle Nash gives to his voice as Basilio; this, perhaps, may be a matter of taste. Aulikki Rautawaara, whose appearance as the Countess is beautiful and all that one could wish for, was a little lacking in expression. I liked her Pamina better. Let me add, that the musical conception and realization of this production of *Figaro*, which reaches its height in the marvellous exactitude and rightness of the ensembles—not only the great ensembles of the close of the second act but also everywhere as, for instance, in the duet between the Countess and Susanna in the letter-writing of Act III—must be put to the credit of Fritz Busch, under whom the orchestra and the singers make a single unit realising Mozart's great creation more closely to what I consider the composer actually conceived when composing it than any other I have ever heard. The steadiness of the rhythm under Fritz Busch is one of the most remarkable of his achievements because it is combined with such elasticity, correct expressiveness, delicacy and verve.

Sir Thomas Beecham's production of Offenbach's last and most famous opera *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* was one of the most creditable in all respects of the present season and one must regret that this brilliant and vital work was only brought forward at the end of the Covent Garden opera season. It would be in vain to look for the virtues of Glyndebourne at Covent Garden because for one thing the conditions do not allow for the numerous painstaking and extensive rehearsals, but nevertheless, care and attention had obviously been given to this production with very good results. Dino Borgioli, the Italian tenor who took the part of Hoffmann, has a voice of unusually pleasing quality and is never crude, but his intonation is at times vague and one wishes for a little more precise articulation of a musical phrase than one sometimes gets from him. He does not belong, however, to that modern race of Italian tenors who concentrate entirely on top notes, which they hold as if they were swimmers exercising a breath control that would enable them to cross the Channel in one stroke. Unfortunately, modern Italian tenors, singing Puccini and post-Verdi composers, have tended to deteriorate and one now more rarely hears accurate intonation and musical phrasing from them than in the past. The Olympia of Stella Andreva was efficient, and both she and Bernadette Delprat, the French soprano from Paris, who was the Giulietta and Antonia,

were more sure and exact, although in Mme. Delprat's case the quality of the voice is not very pleasing to English ears. On the whole the best performance was that of Ezio Pinza as Coppelius and Dr. Miracle.

I cannot understand why such an excellent opera as *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* should be so neglected nowadays. It is much to be hoped that it will be reintroduced early in the season next year at Covent Garden for it will indeed refreshen our minds to hear this vital music, so full of real invention, in the midst of the first onslaught upon our ears of the German operas. Offenbach had an excellent libretto in this case and, as is well known, spent enormous pains on this his last work which, in fact, he never heard performed. He is generally considered only as a composer of "light" music but if *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* is light music so is *Figaro*, so is *Beatrice and Benedict*, so is *Falstaff*. While I would not, of course, put Offenbach on the same level as the composers of those three operas I would put *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* on the level of *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, different though the two works are in style. It is true that Offenbach seems more of an eclectic than Rossini; his music has not got an obvious original flavour as the great Italian master's has, but the music of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* cannot be described as eclectic in the usual depreciatory sense of that word, for it has got a real individuality and shows a true invention. The strangeness and fantasy of the libretto of that author of genius, E. T. A. Hoffmann, is well matched by Offenbach in the music he has written for it, and this is a real creative effort which puts the opera in the class of genuine original productions which contains Bizet's *Carmen* and a few other works which, while not pretending to the highest class, are much higher and more praiseworthy and enjoyable than many more pretentious compositions.

W. J. TURNER

THE SURREALIST EXHIBITION

WE are most of us Surrealists in some degree—that is to say, we are familiar with the experiences that the Surrealist painter, writer or sculptor sets out to reproduce. We know the spectre of midnight and the mid-day demon. We remember times when the whole façade of "reality," as we have been taught to accept it, has begun to shrivel, crack and blister like the surface of an oil-painting exposed to a fierce heat: when our fellow human beings have seemed as vacant, grotesque and sinister as a warehouseful of animated wax dummies. There are days when we walk an inch above the ground, and days when we feel that we are trudging knee-deep in the pavement. Every night we plunge into the twilit world of dreams and phantoms, where fragments of the future (Mr. Dunne tells us) may be imbedded among recollections of the immediate past—a world from which we emerge exhausted or exhilarated, having suffered appalling humiliations, glimpsed joys beyond the reach of our waking senses, swum broad rivers, passed examinations in subjects of which we are entirely ignorant, visited strange sites of romantic beauty. All vanish when we unfold our morning newspaper. Yet the dream-world continues to engulf us; there is no doubt that sleep often takes us back to the same localities; and, during my own childhood, for example, the opening stages of a nightmare were always associated with my return to a particular stretch of road, semi-rural, semi-urban—a long perspective of tarred iron railings, coated with white dust, and, behind the railings, a thick dusty laurel shrubbery where some mysterious nursery monster was believed to hide.

Many artists have profited by their experiences in the dream-world—Blake, Coleridge, De Quincey, Gérard de Nerval, Lautréamont, to mention only a few; and, of these, Coleridge, besides giving us the greatest dream-poem in the English language, has recorded the unwillingness with which he sometimes opened his eyes. "If a man (he wrote in his note-books between 1814 and 1818) could pass through Paradise in a dream, and have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his soul had really been there, and if he found that flower in his hand when he awoke—Aye! and what then?" Might not that sentence have been reprinted in the Catalogue of the Surrealist Exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries? For the purpose of the exhibition is to display some of the treasure-trove gathered by exponents of Surrealism on their expeditions into the realms of the Unconscious—some of the fantastic blooms that grow in regions of the mind from which the ordinary mental traveller returns home empty-handed. But not all explorers, alas, are equally adroit. There are far too many objects at the Exhibition; and these objects vary in interest from a number of splendid canvases by Picasso to *collages* of the most inept and tiresome sort. It seems a pity that some kind of historical introduction could not have been arranged; for thus the uninstructed visitor might be brought to realise that what he or she may perhaps consider a recent and entirely gratuitous form of intellectual vagary is as old as the creative impulse itself, and that the love of the fantastic, singular and terrible, has its roots in the deepest recesses of the human spirit. Did not Fuseli—to go back only a hundred years—devour raw beef before retiring to bed that his nocturnal visions should be the more highly coloured? Are there not water-colours by Dadd, the cultured parricide who spent the greater part of his life in an asylum for criminal lunatics, that display, both in detail and in general execution, a nightmare intensity of which any Surrealist would feel proud?

Incidentally, not every artist whose inventions are exhibited at the New Burlington Galleries is an officially accredited member of the Surrealist group. Some, indeed, like André Masson, were once at war with it. Others, like Picasso and Brancusi, have a talent impossible to confine within the somewhat narrow sectarian limits that its high-priest has laid down. And then, besides the products of such interesting and typical painters as Max Ernst, Chirico, René Magritte, Miro and Yves Tanguy, a good deal of sheer rubbish has

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found its way into the Exhibition. Certain exponents of Surrealism—for example, Salvador Dali—may displease us if we think of them as painters yet fascinate us if we regard them as literary myth-makers; but they have contemporaries whom it would be difficult to defend on any grounds; and, as an example of Surrealist painting at its worst, I should cite *Daily Torments* by Richard Oelze (256) in which the texture of the brushwork suggests alternately mucus and fine rabbit-fur. . . . The sculpture exhibited is rather disappointing; but an exception must be made for the ingenious and elegant little "constructions" produced by Alberto Giacometti, whose *Palace of 4 a.m.* appears in one of the smaller rooms. Elsewhere, I could not help feeling the poverty of much official Surrealist art, as opposed to the achievement of those natural Surrealist artists, the Marx Brothers and Mr. Walt Disney. What is the effect of a fur tea-set, a group composed of an old satin slipper, a fragment of fungus and a red ring, or of M. Dali's famous "Aphrodisiac Jacket," when it is compared to the fantastic effrontery of a Marx Brothers' film—that violent humour which saps the basis of reason and decorum? I must admit, too, that there is nothing in the work of any official Surrealist artist, controversialist or poet, that has moved me so profoundly as *Mickey's Garden*, the coloured cartoon in which the flowers and grasses of Mickey's humdrum garden-plot suddenly shoot up to monstrous size and gigantic insects—more terrible than any assemblage of devils conceived by Hieronymus Bosch—leap forward on to the screen, waving huge pincers, clicking enormous metallic jaws; while overgrown weeds force their way through the roof of the house. The disadvantage of official Surrealist art is that, although Surrealism may be interesting and valuable as a tendency, its deliberate manifestations are apt to be dull. This self-conscious delving into the unconscious, this extremely sophisticated attempt to recapture the primitive, this intellectual approach to the irrational, very often defeats its own end, and a particularly portentous form of dullness is the sole result. Nevertheless, if the Surrealist movement had performed no other service, it could at least be recommended as a stimulant to sluggish systems—a spiritual cathartic of which modern art, and British art in particular, stands very much in need. Certainly, the crowd that assembled at the New Burlington Galleries showed signs of enjoying their liberation from the everyday world; for even British phlegm is not always proof against Surrealist fantasy. M. André Breton made an impressive opening speech; but the masked Phantom had a disappointingly home-made air.

PETER QUENNELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Kind Lady," at the Lyric

This adaptation of a Hugh Walpole story suffers somewhat from the improbability of so complete an imposition of criminal forces taking place in so respectable a domestic quarter as Montagu Square. Are we to believe that the parlourmaid, who was genuinely fond of Miss Herries, would not have told the relatives that her mistress was being confined to her house by a gang of thugs; or indeed, that from her bedroom Miss Herries could not have waved a towel, which would have been visible in winter through the bare branches of those trees, which are such a comfort to the residents in what Lady Hester Stanhope referred to as a mean apartment. And while Miss Thorndike provides an admirable and competent performance of the mopping and mowing variety, it is difficult to imagine that she could not early on in the play, before the arrival of Mr. Robert Douglas's trained hands, have lifted him out of the dining-room window with one on the button. Neither she nor Mr. Douglas is ideally cast. Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. Noel Coward would be a much better team—and there seemed some weakness in her first appearance, returning in full glory from an evening at the Ballet, when the part demands her creeping in in a lace fichu, having been round the corner to the local cinema with her maid. A recent prosecution has shown that it is possible for a brute to terrorise a fragile old woman without friends, but in this case, despite the acutely disagreeable group of Mr. Douglas's retainers, the theme remained unconvincing. It is only fair to add that the taste for this macabre kind of melodrama must be a real one, for the house only needed a slight prick to have hissed Mr. Douglas, when he took his call, while the thunders of applause for Miss Thorndike were sympathetic as well as admiring.

"Winter Sunshine," at the Royalty Theatre

Crime without punishment is a sure draw for the sentimentalist. We watch with pleasure Miss Lucas drawn from her career of kindly interference in the lives of her fellow-passengers on board the S.S. *Southern Cross* into the unmoral life of a delightful rogue, who lives on the proceeds of the vicarious excitement he causes the *objet de voyage* of the moment. We watch her extract adroitly one victim of the charmer, throw another who she thinks is in need of an emotional jolt into his arms, and finally sink helplessly into the spider's web, lured by the roses down a Gloucestershire garden path. If the idea is artless and its surroundings humdrum, there is enough character-drawing and enough pleasantly humorous lines to fill a quiet crossing comfortably. No great play, but pretty fair entertainment. Miss Athene Seyler as the Bunty of these nautical strings gives a characteristic performance, as does Mr. Nicholas Hannen as the villain. Two buffoons, a military gent admirably sketched in by Mr. Archibald Batty and a retired barmaid neatly drawn by Miss Mignon O'Doherty, enrich the boat deck, and, if the melancholy hysteria of a suicidal girl is a trifle overwritten, Miss Janet Burrell gives promise of future performance.

"Dangerous," at the Regal

Despite Miss Bette Davis's evident tense enthusiasm for her part (that of an actress, and a Jonah, of genius) and despite the general air of solemnity pervading this piece, *Dangerous* unfortunately misses being a good film. This is largely due to the fact that it is really a play, and except for a soaking embrace in a thunderstorm and the peevish smashing of a car against a tree, could be played straight through behind footlights with advantage; after all, they could have come in out of the rain to kiss, and didn't

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one of Mr. Arlen's fatal floozies obliterate herself and an Hispano off-stage? Of course *The Green Hat* made a bad play and *Dangerous* wouldn't amount to much outside a studio either. Being shown on the screen helps it to some extent, because close-ups must make a difference—especially where awards are concerned. Miss Davis's performance in this film won the Academy Award for 1935. It was indeed sensitive and effective, except for her drunken declamation of Shakespeare in a speakeasy—which was so bad that she had to act very hard afterwards to re-establish our belief in her abilities and the great talent of the character portrayed. Fortunately various tantrums and one scene of tearstained apology followed which were really convincing and uncomfortable, so that in the long run her performance worked out very well and the film as a whole, for all its staginess—it was more distressing than tragic—was at any rate articulate, although rather awkward; and certainly sincere. Hollywood seldom aims at such a high level and, when it does, it's almost bound, with a finger on the trigger, to remember the box-office—and miss.

"Professor Bernhardi," at the Embassy

This is a play of ideas but not a *pièce à thèse*. The conflict arises from an incident in a hospital, where a Jewish doctor refuses to allow a priest to disturb the serenity of a dying girl by calling her to repentance. But the real issue is something subtler than the opposing duties of doctor and of priest—it is the conflict between Means and Ends. The priest honestly, the politician more cynically, sacrifice individual truth to the Higher Truth or the Greater Usefulness. Professor Bernhardi, the hero, is more honourable, if you like, or more short-sighted; and sacrifices his career and his hospital to a principle. For him a good end cannot justify bad means. The issue is dangerously subtle for the stage, and Schnitzler has been careful not to coarsen it. The result is a fascinating play, enormously superior to our nightly fare, but rather beyond the apprehension of the usual playgoer. But it is continuously interesting, most skilfully contrived, and avoids all the usual faults of the play of ideas. It has been admirably produced by Herr Heinrich Schnitzler, and is on the whole excellently acted. Mr. Abraham Sofaer gives a delicate and very impressive performance, Mr. John Garside, Mr. Ronald Adam, Mr. Noel Howlett and Mr. Peter Ashmore are all remarkable. The anti-semitism which is a part of the subject gives *Professor Bernhardi* interest, but we very strongly recommend the play for its extraordinarily successful application of dramatic technique to ideas which are not simple.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 19th—
- Herbert Read on "Art and the Unconscious," New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, 5.
- Festival of English Church Music, Crystal Palace, 7.
- International Association of Writers for the Defence of Culture. Opening Session of Members' Congress, Friends House, Euston Road, 8.30. Writers interested can obtain information from Mrs. Williams-Ellis, Romney's House, Holly Bush Hill, N.W. 3.

SATURDAY, June 20th—
- "Hansel and Gretel," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
- "The Insect Play," Little Theatre.
- Canterbury Festival. Till June 27th.

SUNDAY, June 21st—
- Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton on "Is There a Woman's Point of View?" Conway Hall, 11.
- Harry Self on "Socialism and Agriculture," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, June 22nd—
- Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.
- "Henry VIII," Regent's Park.

TUESDAY, June 23rd—
- Emile A. Ghory on "Palestine: The Arab Case," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Artists International Association. Open Meeting for Discussion of the Social Aspects of Surrealism," Small Conway Hall, Southampton Row, 8.15 (Tickets 1s.).

WEDNESDAY, June 24th—
- M. Paul Eluard on "La Poésie Surréaliste," New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, 5.

THURSDAY, June 25th—
- Dance in aid of the Goswell Women's Welfare Centre, New Burlington Galleries, 9 (Tickets 5s.).

FRIDAY, June 26th—
- National Peace Congress. Speeches by Dr. G. P. Gooch, Prof. Gilbert Murray, W. Arnold Forster, and others, Oxford Place Chapel, Leeds. Till June 29th.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BATTERED, seasick, and bored, the passengers suddenly wake up; through the portholes the outline of a green hill passes by, a bell clangs and the ship's rhythm is altered. Land! Land at last. Life will be interesting and amusing once more. The sight of a new large novel, *Eyeless in Gaza*, by Aldous Huxley (Chatto, 10*s.* 6*d.*) was for me, a passenger with a weak stomach, like the sight of land. Here was a world in which one would know one's way about, in which the characters would feel and think and talk like educated people with open minds. Sure to be delightful company, though perhaps rather like *Gryll Grange*. Peacock. Yes, Mr. Huxley has often been compared with Peacock and quite rightly. Gumbril might have been a guest at *Nightmare Abbey* and Lydia Viveash might have been caught in Mr. Aquarius's net. Happy to be ashore, with a good appetite, it was a shock at first to find the streets of the town blocked with notices: No Thoroughfare, and one's happy stroll constantly interrupted. The dust-cover gives warning: "instead of a chronological sequence, a counterpoint of four narratives at different epochs of the hero's life." Thus chapter 3 is 1933; ch. 4, 1902; ch. 5, 1926; the same people appearing in each. "The cinema has accustomed people to the use of similar methods," says the blurb, meaning I suppose that when one comes in late, one sees the end of the film and then starts again at the beginning. For Mr. Huxley cannot aspire in narrative, to achieve the effect of a film run backwards, when one sees an upward swallow, a man take a spoonful of yolk out of his mouth and then slice the broken top on to the perfect egg. At first the No Thoroughfare notices annoy and the reader regrets having to pop about after the counterpoint, but practice reconciles; it is not as difficult as one might expect to keep the sequences clear in one's head, and one is thankful for anything, anything that will take one away from 1934. That indeed, and no nonsense about counterpoint, seems to me the reason and justification of the method. Had the chapters been arranged in chronological sequence, nobody could have ever finished the book, just as no one can read the last chapters of *War and Peace*. Mr. Huxley's happy device enables his hero's philosophical reflections to be broken up and scattered through the book. Even so, there are moments when one rebels.

> Anthony shut his book, feeling he couldn't read even one line more.

He was reading his own manuscript and Mr. Huxley has given us three whole pages; we could understand the reason of Anthony's feeling with less.

* * *

In July 1914 (ch. 48) Anthony betrayed his best friend in a particularly stupid way and Brian committed suicide. Partly owing to that, and partly owing to reading too much, Anthony has lost the capacity of having intimate personal relations; he has love affairs, but he funks love and for the sake of his work becomes "a man in a burrow." When Helen leaves him, he realises that he has never been really there during their relationship and feels that he has no personality of his own.

> In fact, of course, Hamlet didn't have a personality—knew altogether too much to have one.

He imagines that he is like Hamlet and that his enormous accumulation of knowledge and over-education is the reason. His real trouble seems to be that he is a victim of words; that he can never stop pinning out facts and ideas like an entomologist arranging a collection of dead butterflies. The trouble is that there are a terrible lot of cabbage whites and meadow browns among them. Anthony and his friend Mark Staithes are intellectuals, *pur sang*, but they are always saying profoundly untrue things such as:

> Life is so ordinary that literature has to deal with the exceptional.

The limit is reached when, after re-reading *Anna Karenina*, Mark Staithes complains of what it lacks:

> No mention of the part played by mere sensation in producing happiness. Hot bath for example, taste of bacon, feel of fur, smell of freezias, or of the sudden accession from unknown muscular sources of more than ordinary health.

Since this is exactly what Tolstoy does do, and which is the foundation of Levin's happiness, and Stepan's delightful good nature, one can only conclude that Mark had never read *Anna Karenina*, much less re-read it. Anna laughing aloud at the feeling of delight that came over her when she laid the cool smooth surface of her paper knife on her cheek is one of innumerable instances which he could not have missed. Yet Mr. Huxley cannot have intended us to draw the conclusion that his characters were bombinating in a vacuum. He has simply forgotten the book and used its name at random, just as, at random, he makes his heroes read Edward Thomas's poetry years before it was published, or written, and discuss the Brewers' movement for True Temperance before the war when it was a post-war answer to Prohibitionist propaganda. One is tempted to give a list of such howlers if only because Mr. Huxley, like Anthony, is obsessed by irrelevant facts, and crams his pages with them. Even when these ideas are really interesting they are out of place and spoil the book. Unlike Hamlet, Anthony has not got an original mind and the inventory of its acquired contents should have been avoided.

* * *

Every word of this criticism is justified—yet it is beside the point: since *Eyeless in Gaza* is nevertheless Mr. Huxley's finest novel. Though the spate of ideas has now more resemblance to H. G. Wells than to the discussions in Peacock, the characters are alive and not mere pegs. There is a new depth of understanding. Mary Amberley, with her crooning way of speaking, has features in common with Mrs. Aldwinkle, but if we compare chapter 34 with anything in *These Barren Leaves*, we see the tremendous development of Mr. Huxley's sympathy. Mary Amberley is not only perfectly observed, but perfectly understood, a really living woman, and her tragedy, though incidental, is the most moving thing in a book which is full of moving things. Mr. Huxley has gained in depth, but he has lost none of his lightness and his gift of making us laugh. There is nothing even in *Antic Hay* so amusing as chapter 5 when Helen, *pour épater sa soeur*, bets that she will steal something from every shop she goes into.

> It was at the butcher's that the trouble began. Ordinarily Helen refused to go into the shop at all; the sight, the sickening smell of those pale corpses disgusted her. But this morning she walked straight in. In spite of the disgust. It was a point of honour. She had said every shop, and she wasn't going to give Joyce an excuse for saying she had cheated. . . . "Like Mr. Baldwin," she said to herself and then. . . . "A pound and a half of rump steak, please." The butcher returned in a moment with a mass of gory flesh. "There's a beautiful piece of meat, Miss!" He fingered the dank red lump with an artist's loving enthusiasm. "A really beautiful piece." It was Mr. Baldwin fingering his Virgil, thumbing his dog's-eared Webb. "I shall never eat meat again," she said to herself. "But what shall I take? Ah! A marble shelf ran, table-high, along one of the walls of the shop. On it, in trays, pink or purply-brown, lay a selection of revolting viscera.

Oh, how delightful it is to meet girls like Helen, how alive she is and how grateful one is to Mr. Huxley. All the roads may be up in the little port and the loud speaker in the café may insist on delivering a talk on sociology, but one is on land again. On land and in a world of civilised people. As observation Mr. Huxley has written nothing better than his description of the Rev. Mr. Thursley waving his empty inkpot about in fury before saying grace. And Joan, his daughter, is extraordinarily good. *Eyeless in Gaza* is a delight, but on the whole the plan of popping about in time is a mistake. If the chronological method had been followed, I should have stopped reading at page 500 and have missed almost all the boring parts of the book; Anthony ends with a new wisdom, part of which is to concentrate like a Yogi on the act of putting on his shoes because the means is of more value than the end. What a bore.

DAVID GARNETT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1936

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Shorter Notices	986

FOUR PARODIES

MR. ELIOT'S SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

WHEN I had finished with the toast and tea
And there was no more need to mock the moon
To fashion epigrams fit for a salon furnished
In the modern manner.
When there was no more need for sailor symbols
Nor for cosmopolitan fragments dusty with rarity value
(*On ne lit plus Patru et D'Ablancourt*).
I paid my fare and announced my destination.
PASS RIGHT DOWN THE CAR, PLEASE
Appraising
Dante and housemaids at their proper value
I left Priapus there with Mrs. Porter
And with a nod to Buddha joined the bishops.
PASS RIGHT DOWN THE CAR
In the traditional upper chamber
Nobody standing and spitting strictly forbidden
I glory in spiritual peace and a little theology
For the rats are coming.
Since there is no more need
In la sua voluntade è nostra pace.
Right down the car.

RUDE ROY

PRAISED be the god enshrined in nacreous mists
Who keeps the world supplied with satirists.
Blest be this period, otherwise absurd
For this one miracle—that I occurred.
As when the solitary unicorn
Transfixed whole armies with a single horn,
Flame-like in youth, magnificent I came
Untameable, a terror to the tame.
Critics a bourgeois undistinguished race
Have had the nerve to praise me to my face,
But fail to see that nothing good or true is
Except the works of me and Wyndham Lewis.
Reviewers tremble ere they brave the risks
Of being slain by me with asterisks.
I love the earth, the sun, the sea, the land
Things that no nincompoop can understand;
I love the blood, the sounding phrase, the nude
And more than all I *do* like being rude.
I am the mastodon, the lustrous male,
The elephant, the manticorn, the whale.

HOMAGE TO EZRA

HU SEL PU
Admires dictators
And probably drinks his own bathwater
But his expositions of Social Credit
And the origins of the aubade
Ensure his immortality.

PYLONS FOR SALE: AN AUD

AFTER the execution of the traitor,
Whose hot hands and scorn for Scouting
Ought to have warned us, the cell sat silent
Waiting for zero-hour in the disused shipyard.
Where are the beagles and the strumpets?
W. H., our onlie begetter, has grown lucid
Just when we most hoped for a Revelation
And Sunday Reviewers read by Headmasters
Condemn our politics and praise our phrases.
The Enemy is on us, quoted comrades.
Tourists are spattering our patent landscape,
But the red promise of the womb's renewal
And such Elizabethan-sounding fancies
Anatomy, antimony, and sublimate
May prove artillery enough to save our bacon.

FREDERICK LAWS

DETECTIVE DOZEN

Murder by Experts. By ANTHONY GILBERT. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Penrose Mystery. By AUSTIN FREEMAN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Behold Here's Poison. By GEORGETTE HEYER. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Post After Post Mortem. By E. C. R. LORAC. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Murder in Thin Air. By ANTHONY WYNNE. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Old Jew Mystery. By HERBERT ADAMS. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Below the Clock. By J. V. TURNER. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Sutton Place Murders. By ROBERT GEORGE DEAN. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Murder in Triplicate. By HUGH AUSTIN. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Murder for a Wanton. By WHITMAN CHAMBERS. *Melrose.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Murder on "B" Deck. By VINCENT STARRETT. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Six Against the Yard. *Selwyn and Blount.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Detection is supplied by Marks and Spencer this month. You will probably find several things you want on the counter, but once you have read them not one is likely to be remembered a year hence. But why grumble? The customer is always right; and that is why we are in the Woolworth period of detection. The reviewer, on the other hand is almost invariably wrong, unless he manages to turn himself into an ugly customer. If he dares say a good word for some harmless, unpretentious detective story, he is bound to find that his intellectual friends, after refusing to be parted from the book during a couple of hours either for love or whisky, finally toss it contemptuously on the carpet with grunts of disgust, and then stride imposingly to the more respectable shelves for a breath of the classics. Therefore, with the usual diffidence, I put forward my own recommendations on the list: "Anthony Gilbert" for a *tour de force* in ambivalence, my favourite Mrs. Heyer for a sparkling novel crystallised round a thread of crime, *Post After Post Mortem* for the touch of excitement in the country house setting, *Murder in Triplicate* for one of those challenging American conundrums that derive from Ellery Queen, and *The Sutton Place Murders* for an orgy of wisecracks.

Murder by Experts is not by any means all that it should be, in spite of Anthony Gilbert's consummate dexterity in arranging her battery of evidence to fire in either direction required until the last few pages. There are long stretches in the middle that are destined to be skipped by the experienced reader as the mere unravelling of an unnecessarily twisted skein of previous history—only Mr. Wills Crofts can do such tedious work well, and *he* can only do it because he loves it so. The virtue of the story lies in the neat crime itself—an elderly art connoisseur drives an adventuress to catch a train at a country station and is never seen again alive or dead for several weeks—and the double bluff solution.

Dr. Thorndyke wears well for a man of his years, but he is no longer in his prime, and some of the younger generation have

copied his test tubes and improved on his rather dry and forbidding manner. Still the old fellow gets about and his solution of *The Penrose Mystery* has all the assurance and competence that we habitually associate with Dr. Austin Freeman's medical colleague. Whenever Dr. Thorndyke puts two and two together there is never a hope the result will be anything but four; and as in addition the Doctor has a truer nose than any bloodhound that ever bayed, and has never been known to follow a false scent, it is a miracle any murderer lasts out 300 pages. When you look into the question you notice that the delay is due solely to the old sleuth's habit of giving tongue as he proceeds. Penrose was another of these art connoisseurs who went for a drive and was never seen again for weeks and weeks. I never know whether to be astonished or not at the way authors seem to hit on the same idea for a plot simultaneously. There are two Communist plots in this list, *Murder in Thin Air* and *The Old Jew Mystery*. Doubtless some people like the spice of politics in their dish of murder. But whatever the argument may be for assassination in real life, in detective fiction it is an artistic blunder introducing insuperable technical difficulties. The Red motive for the red deed is bound to stick out like a call at the Colonial Office on Budget morning; in which case the reader's attention is switched away from the mechanics and physics of the crime to the politics of the characters—and Communists are not bashful about their beliefs as a rule! They are also gregarious; and that conduces to the second chronic defect, the criminal becomes plural and the crime a conspiracy. Once you have got a gang going you have a thriller, and I have yet to see anyone find their way out of that quandary. *The Old Jew Mystery* abandons pretence and wallows in thrills. Mr. Wynne does his best to keep Dr. Eustace Hailey on the detective level in *Murder in Thin Air*, but it is no use: the suction of the gang gets him in the end and the bog swallows him up. Incidentally, the crime in *Murder in Thin Air* is committed in Mr. Wynne's usual impossible way: a millionaire goes up alone in an aeroplane before a crowd of people, flies up and down always within sight, and lands shot through the heart and *stabbed*. What a gang!

Mrs. Heyer had me guessing in *Behold Here's Poison*. She has such a zest for characterisation that she is hard put to it to deodorise a murderer, so I felt confident of getting the poisoner's wind as soon as he or she crossed my path. How was I to know it was the garden path up which Mrs. Heyer was gently leading me? I recognised it, however, in the end by the delicious fragrance which Mrs. Heyer, in her incorrigible conscientiousness, felt bound to provide. Where, then, had my poisoner got to? How had I been misled? I regret to say that Mrs. Heyer was obliged through mistrust of her own terrible veracity to keep the culprit under cover by suppressing material evidence and compounding a felony. I do not blame her but I cannot praise. *Behold Here's Poison* is not for crabbed intellectuals, but anyone who can appreciate a delightful book will take it and like it.

Murder in a country house where all the suspects are concentrated may be a hackneyed theme, but it seems capable of an infinitude of variations. Mr. Lorac has tackled the old subject once more and gives it a new life. *Post After Post Mortem* provides a choice of seven suspects for the murder of beautiful Ruth Surray by an overdose of sleeping draught, but rather a dearth of motive. Her death at first appeared to be suicide, but as soon as it was construed as murder by her psycho-analytic brother things began to happen. There are some exciting moments in the book—and an old trick, which Mr. Lorac should know by now no longer puts readers off the scent but puts them wise. If it were not for the trick the guilty party would have escaped my clutches if not those of Inspector Macdonald.

Below the Clock is painfully topical—murder by budget. A Chancellor of the Exchequer is half way through his Budget speech in the House of Commons when he drops to the ground poisoned—and by a new African poison that takes effect instantaneously. An ambitious crime to perpetrate, and Mr. Turner may have regretted his bright idea before the piscatorial Amos Petrie completes his cross-examinations in high life. When a Prime Minister tells the figment of an author's brain to arrest any Member of the Cabinet he fancies, you may be sure the cold fingers of unreality have choked all semblance of life out of the plot and the corpse is collapsing in a cloud of pretentious dust.

There is a type of American detective story which has become—owing to the possibility of film rights—so common that we all must have made up our minds about them. I refer to the combination of pressmen, racketeers and district attorneys who keep up such a barrage of dramdrinking and wisecracking with their appropriate dames that it is almost impossible to discern what is going on behind. The plot, if one ever does follow it, is either wild or feeble, but the pace is generally sufficiently terrific to obscure the chaos of acts and motives. A good example is here available in *The Sutton Place Murders*, but I cannot be expected to tell what it is all about as I never had a chance to see. A bad example is *Murder for a Wanton*, where the cracks between the wisecracks gape sufficiently wide to disclose a childish plot with an abject motive. In consequence the reader develops the "heeby jeebies"—one of these authors' favourite maladies and a most unpleasant disease. *Murder on "B" Deck* will give you the heebies worse still.

Murder in Triplicate comes into the serious category of American stories. Mr. Hugh Austin showed in *It Couldn't be Murder* that he is not averse to pulling a fast one on the public, and he pulls another fast one in *Murder in Triplicate*, not this time in the engineering of the murders but in his arbitrary choice of criminal at the conclusion. The reader is challenged in the Ellery Queen way to guess the solution, only to find that Mr. Austin is thimble-rigging and switches the pea to the other nutshell under one's very eyes. If he would only play fair he would gain more applause without impairing his admirable plots.

Six Against the Yard contains some big names, Sayers, Russell Thorndike, Knox, Crofts, Berkeley and Allingham. Each of these writers has constructed a perfect murder in fifty pages and challenges ex-Superintendent Cornish of the C.I.D. to find a flaw. Needless to say, he does so, for the honour of the Yard; but there are too many unsolved trunk crimes in this country for me to be reassured. If put into practice I think only Anthony Berkeley's and Russell Thorndike's cases would be solved. The perfect murder that would baffle the world is—but I might want to commit it!

RALPH PARTRIDGE

EVEREST

Everest: The Challenge. By Sir Francis Younghusband. *Nelson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The passion for climbing to high altitudes is a strange one. As with many other passions, its utmost gratification appears to be possible only in a state of semi-consciousness. This, at any rate, is true of Everest, and of the highest peaks in the Himalaya; and 50 years ago the thoughts of climbers who were tired of the Alps began to turn almost amorously to the delights of agony and exaltation which the Indian mountains offered. At least, it was fifty years ago that Sir Francis Younghusband first saw K2 set in a scene which "beggared human imagination. So inconceivably vast were the structural lines of the landscape that they seemed to be in Nature's workshop." One stood "before primeval chaos while the world was still unvisited by the phenomena of life." But hopes were modest. When the climbers got to work in the nineties it was supposed that 22,000 feet was the utmost attainable height. Then 25,000 was mentioned. Bruce and Conway attempted Rakapushi, Mummery died on Nanga Parbat, Longstaff climbed Trisul and the Duke of Abruzzi went to 24,600 on Bride Peak. By the time the Great War was over the way was well prepared for the attack upon Everest, though no one had been within forty miles of the mountain.

Sir Francis Younghusband's narrative, a very readable mixture of past history, personal reminiscence, and philosophical digression, is a pleasant addition to the literature of the subject. His passion for the Himalaya has been life-long. His mountain mysticism—one hears less of it this generation—is bewildering to flat-earthers like myself; but one can agree that perhaps the Himalaya *will* elevate the human race, though why they should is hard to understand. Are the English middle classes elevated by their annual exodus to Switzerland? Are the Swiss elevated by living there? More elevated than the inhabitants of the Lincolnshire fens? This mysticism is a natural development of the cult of mountains and distant views started by the Romantic movement; I doubt if climbers explain their passion in this way now. Exaltation, they say (and I see Sir Francis quotes them), appears to die at great altitudes. However, his idiosyncrasy is charming and does not detract from the great interest of his analysis of the Everest problem and his account of the other British and German efforts in the region, which are not as well known to the lay reader as they ought to be. As Hugh Ruttledge has returned this year to the attack (we have just had news of his failure), the Everest chapters have a special interest. Ruttledge has said that,

Ballet

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'A fascinating book to set among the very best—it is seldom that a book of reminiscences has such a wide range of human interest.'—*Daily Telegraph.* 'Every ingredient succulent and satisfying—law, art, politics, personalities jostle each other—a brilliant company.'—*Sunday Times.* 'Tells its tale delightfully.'—*Spectator.* *Illustrated.* 15/-

What is Surrealism?
André Breton

In this pamphlet, specially prepared for the International Surrealist Exhibition, Mr. Breton explains exactly what Surrealism stands for in painting, sculpture and politics. It is revealed as the most vital movement in contemporary art and literature. *Illustrated.* 2/-

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J. F. Joni

'A book to recommend unconditionally to anyone in search of original entertainment.'—*Observer.* 'A man who never refused a fight, adored women . . . secondly, of interest to those who know something of Italian old masters and other antiquities, both genuine and counterfeited.'—*Times Lit. Sup.* 10/6

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Meet Yourself, the most accurate and trustworthy detective of character. Know your innermost self, your friends and enemies, as never before. Although highly amusing, suitable for solitary reading, and a most entertaining parlour game, this book is a serious study, based on three years' research. Here are some of the questions whose answers build up your life-pattern in this fascinating book:

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This Modern Poetry
Babette Deutsch

Traces the development of the verse of the last two decades, taking account of the forces that have shaped it, and so suggesting ways of understanding and enjoying it. 7/6

24 Russell Square **FABER & FABER** London, W.C.1

"When we can synchronise four consecutive days of fine weather with the perfect simultaneous acclimatisation and training of six men, perhaps two climbers will reach the summit." Even so the natural obstacles remain immense.

It seems to be agreed that in 1933 it was a misfortune that the high climbers had to do so much donkey work on the North Col. They must, says Sir Francis, be kept in clover until their time comes; in addition, he suggests that the last 1,000 feet—which include 400 feet of most perilous couloir—should be done in two days. One day is too exhausting. The climber is haunted by the fact that he must get back to the first camp before nightfall, and that once more he must tackle those appalling 400 feet. Spend the first day in ascending the 400 feet and in establishing a camp at 28,400 feet, and the second day in the climb to the summit—this is the essence of a suggestion which, as Sir Francis well knows, assumes enormous demands on climbers and porters and may be impossible in practice. Yet the history of climbing in the Himalaya shows that every time a little more is accomplished.

Whether Sir Francis is right or wrong, Norton's account—here quoted—of the final phase confronting the climber is a masterpiece of mountaineering understatement. He advocates a route roughly parallel to the crest but 500 to 1,000 feet below it on the north face: "It becomes steep and rather dangerous, though nowhere difficult. . . . For about 200 feet the going on this route is very steep. The climber has delicately to find his way on overlaying slabs approximating to the general slope of the mountain"—like the roof of a house. And, "on these steeply sloping slabs there is often—perhaps generally—a sprinkling of snow," which conceals the footholds and nowhere supports the foot! Above this point there is "200 feet of steep, slabby rock," steeper than anything already encountered, and then the climber "emerges" on the final pyramid. A fit party climbs at the rate of 200 to 250 feet an hour!

None of the 1933 party was the worse for his experience. The disgust with the synthetic food at the high camp and the pathetic cry for steak will be remembered. The enlarged hearts became normal again. The flat-earther will wonder if it is worth it, the psychologist may ask why they do it, sceptical scientists will point out that you could discover all you want to know by putting a man in an air chamber, but the fever which possesses the Englishmen has infected the porters in Darjeeling. The sublimation of self-torture leads to strange heights, to what, indeed, the Indians regard as the abode of the gods. V. S. Pritchett

"THE HUNGRY SHEEP LOOK UP—"

Poverty and Public Health. By G. C. M. M'Gonigle, M.D., and J. Kirby, M.R.S.I. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

Workers' Nutrition and Social Policy (International Labour Office: Studies and Reports). *King.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

Here are two more books to tell us how the poor are starved—or, if that word sounds too gross or unscientific, let us say "inadequately nourished." The evil is one with which most of us are now pretty familiar; its cure presents problems which our comfortable rulers are, for obvious reasons, in no great hurry to face. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Yet none but the most ignorant or complacent can feel satisfied with the state of the public health, despite all the advance that has been made in medicine, in sanitation and in social reform. A few years ago—in the last year of the Great War—only 36 per cent. of the men called up for military service in this country were found to be perfectly fit and healthy, and there is no reason to suppose the proportion would be much higher to-day. The medical examinations, "routine" or "special," of elementary school children reveal an appalling amount of defects, and fail to reveal, or only half reveal, many more. And a long series of investigations by experts, at home and abroad, confirms and swells the evidence of the dire effects of poverty. Of course, underfeeding or malnutrition is not the sole mischief. But it is, as the authors of both these books show, and as many others before them have shown, one of the principal mischiefs. There is controversy among the pundits as to what exactly constitutes an adequate diet—about its quantity and its quality, the right amount of calories, the right proportion of proteins, fats and carbo-hydrates, of minerals and vitamins. There are differences of opinion about the minimum necessary expenditure, about subsistence standards and optimum standards. But even on the most cautious estimate, it is an unquestioned fact that a vast multitude of men, women and children in Great Britain to-day are undernourished. Some superior persons, indeed, attribute that largely to the ignorance of food values, of marketing or of cooking on the part of the housewives. But the weight of evidence, as Dr. M'Gonigle and Mr. Kirby and the I.L.O. agree, goes to show that this alleged ignorance is greatly exaggerated. The real cause of the malnutrition of the poor is their poverty.

The authors of *Poverty and Public Health* throw fresh light on this from their long experience, and the close studies they have made, of the conditions in a big industrial town. They have analysed the records of a number of infants in the Stockton-on-Tees child welfare centres. They have investigated several groups of families (one group displaced from an "unhealthy area") and collected small, but as they believe, representative, samples of household budgets from these groups. The family incomes run from 25*s.* to 80*s.* a week, and it is found that only in the highest ranges does the amount spent on food provide an adequate diet. In 1933, it will be remembered, a committee of the British Medical Association (with Dr. M'Gonigle as secretary) arrived at the conclusion that 5*s.* 11*d.* per week was the minimum sum required to feed an ordinary adult man, with lower figures for women and children under 14. The Stockton investigations were carried out in 1935, when prices were higher, and the B.M.A. figures therefore are adjusted upwards, so that the 5*s.* 11*d.* is reckoned as 7*s.* The great majority of Stockton families fall woefully below this standard, as the following table shows:

Income.	Sums available for Food Purchase. Per Head.	Per Man-value.
25*s.*—35*s.* ..	2*s.* 11½*d.*	4*s.* 3*d.*
35*s.*—45*s.* ..	3*s.* 3*d.*	4*s.* 4*d.*
45*s.*—55*s.* ..	3*s.* 9½*d.*	4*s.* 11*d.*
55*s.*—65*s.* ..	5*s.* 2¾*d.*	5*s.* 9½*d.*
70*s.*—80*s.* ..	6*s.* 2*d.*	8*s.* 1½*d.*

The various foodstuffs actually bought and their nutritional value are also analysed, and they make melancholy reading, but there is no space to go into them here. An important point, however, must be mentioned. How do you arrive at the amount "available for food"? The answer is, of course, by deducting from the total income expenditure on necessaries plus an allowance for some trifling items which only the dourest moralist would call "luxuries." The amount spent on these will be variable, and its computation must to some extent be arbitrary. But our authors insist—and rightly, I think—that the normal poor household spends all it can on food—that, in fact, available means available, to within a penny or two, at any rate. The principal "necessaries" comprise rent, fuel and light, domestic utensils and clothing. And it is a grim fact that in the poorest families rent bulks largest. ". . . It is almost impossible," our authors observe, "to rent a house in Stockton-on-Tees of even a very moderate standard and size and convenience at less than 7*s.* per week. This sum represents 25 per cent. of the income of an unemployed family with one child." And Stockton, as any student of the housing question will know, is certainly no worse in the matter of rents than many other places up and down the country. Nor is this all. Another tragic fact is brought out by the study of the families removed from the slums to a new housing estate. Their rents went up instantly and heavily—by a sum of no less than 4*s.* 4*d.* a week—and so presently did sickness and death rates. They were forced to economise still further on food, and as Dr. M'Gonigle says, "it is difficult to come to any other conclusion than that the increased mortality was associated with the dietary deficiencies." This experience, of course, is not confined to Stockton; the same story can be, and has been, told of other towns. The moral is plain; adequate nutrition may be, as Professor Gowland Hopkins observes in a Foreword, even more important than good housing.

The general conclusion of the authors of *Poverty and Public Health* is very much the same as Sir John Orr's. "On the evidence so far available," they say cautiously, "it appears not improbable that nearly one-half of the population of England and Wales subsists, to a greater or lesser extent, below the safety line of nutrition." The I.L.O. Report naturally does not commit itself to any such specific estimates. It covers a wide field, comprising most of the chief States of the civilised world; it deals with many aspects of the problem, including that of agricultural production; and it provides us with a great deal of very valuable information. Its conclusion in broad terms does not differ from that of British investigators. Large numbers of the working

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population, it declares, even in the most advanced industrial countries are inadequately nourished. And the root cause of that is low income or lack of purchasing power. There are remedies, both national and international—not least the use of "the potential productive capacity of agriculture—and the Report urges action. How long are we to wait before the British Government does something a little more heroic than helping to provide one-third of a pint of milk per day for half the elementary school children of the country?

C. M. Lloyd

LISTEN TO ME!

Affairs of a Painter. By J. F. Joni. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.
Without Prejudice. By Sir Chartres Biron. *Faber.* 15s.
Anonymous, 1871-1935. *Murray.* 12s. 6d.
About Nothing Whatever. By Almost Anybody. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.
Cock Sparrow. By Oliver P. Bernard. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Hardly anyone, of course, is as interesting to the world as he imagines; that is why even the better kind of autobiography is apt to be tedious.

But Mr. Joni's is distinctly one of the better kind. The society, the character, and the pursuit it describes are all fascinating, at least on the surface. Mr. Joni is a Sienese. Not an Italian—or rather, an Italian only in the second place, and, so to speak, as an afterthought; his account of life in Siena thirty or forty years ago seems to take us right back to the Renaissance, to the city state. Think what existence in a small provincial town would be to an active, ambitious young man in France or England! But for Mr. Joni and his friends, Siena held all that made life worth living, and absence from it was as completely exile as Dante's absence from Florence. Poverty was extreme, and, owing to the social conditions, undepressing. There was a proud sense of culture; Mr. Joni everywhere mentions the "ignorant peasant" with contempt. Masquerades and pageants, serenades, dances and gymnastic exercises occupied the leading youth—with the variant of a little militant socialism, "more for the fun of it than out of conviction." Mr. Joni began life in a gilder's shop, and explains almost every bout of work in his early years by a desire to "get money for the Carnival." His nature was so balanced and uninhibited as to amaze and slightly amuse the repressed Northerner, and to appear finally (it must be confessed) a little dull. He aimed, first and last, at enjoying life, and did enjoy it—with the aid of "a rowdy and gay set," music, dancing, athletics, and an uninterrupted series of light-hearted love affairs.

> The money I was making now allowed me to live pretty comfortably; and to give myself something of a luxurious air, I bought a dog, a Great Dane, and changed my studio, taking two rooms. . . . In the daytime I was always having girl friends to see me, who sometimes unfortunately disagreed, and began a row. . . . I divided my life between work and a great deal of amusement, and often in the evenings, before going to sleep, I used to wonder if the old story, that the truly happy man did not exist, could really be applied to me.

He had his difficulties, of course.

> Although women have been a source of much happiness in my life, they have also brought me a deal of unpleasantness. When they are thrown over, they are sometimes resigned; but sometimes they revenge themselves cruelly, resorting to every means, including slander. . . . But I have always comforted myself with the thought that I have no cause to blush before any man.

His fault, though he does not realise it, is self-righteousness; his favourite virtues are good-nature and good-fellowship. Becoming elderly and prosperous, he grew more staid, set up house as a family man, and paid his taxes—a thing he had previously refused to do.

And his "affairs"? He painted pictures "in the style of the fifteenth century." These he disposed of quite cheaply to dealers, from whom they were bought by other dealers and collectors for a good deal more, and not infrequently under a false impression. Those were good days in the antique trade. After one run of orders, Mr. Joni's assistant remarked:

> "Who can this imbecile be who swallows all our stuff?"
> "It looks to me," said I, "as though Torrini [the agent] had discovered a bit of America."

He declares himself not in the least ashamed of his calling, and has a great many pertinent things to say about it. Yet though his book should not be missed, it is less amusing on the whole than I have perhaps suggested. It goes on too long.

Sir Chartres Biron, on the other hand, never allows himself to pall; for, besides his native intelligence and humour, he has the advantage of a public school training—in modest objectivity. *Without Prejudice* is mostly legal portraiture and anecdote, and it seems bourgeois to have found it almost better fun than *Affairs of a Painter*. But then Sir Chartres is an excellent *raconteur*, and the workings of the law, especially of the criminal law, have an irresistible charm even for the lay mind. Sir Chartres leaves one with rather a strengthened idea of the legal profession as a very good game: here, for instance, is his remark on the feelings of a defending counsel:

> In an ordinary criminal charge there is not much anxiety unless the prisoner is innocent, which is unusual. If he gets off, it is to your credit; if he is convicted, justice is done.

He may come to regret the chapters on Horatio Bottomley, which are likely to receive tiresome prominence at the expense of many things at least equally good.

The drop is abrupt now. *Anonymous* is the work of a woman, a professional reader; everyone who knows her will identify her without trouble, and it is hard to see why she should bother to withhold her identity from those who do not. Much of the book is so packed with eminent and not-so-very-eminent names—actors and writers she has met—that one can hardly get on with it, while the rest expounds her views on life and literature, of which this will do for a sample:

> When I read a crime novel, so called, written in the first person like *Roger Ackroyd*, and find at the end that I have been companying with a murderer, I feel degraded. For to me the supposed teller of a story that I am reading is a living companion to me while I read . . . great fictional characters are our immortal friends.

About Nothing Whatever is a "sexual autobiography," with the curiously demoded, sentimental air one might expect in some once bold romance of the nineties. It is impossible to imagine the main incidents happening quite as the author presumably believes they did; but he is an inoffensive person, and takes leave of us in character, as a kindly, elderly beau, a safe amusement for emancipated young women in their odd moments. The literary merit of the book is a certain crispness. *Cock Sparrow* aims higher, but does not come off. "Bunny's" experiences as stage hand, ship's boy, theatrical producer and camouflage expert ought to provide good material, but there is always a veil between Mr. Bernard and his audience; he has a persistent habit of just *not* telling the story. This oblique method suggests pretentiousness, and achieves tedium.

K. John

DICTATORSHIP GLORIFIED

The Cardinal Dictator. A Portrait of Richelieu. By Auguste Bailly. *Cape.* 15s.

This biography of Armand-Jean du Plessis de Richelieu, Cardinal of the Holy Church of Rome, Minister for all affairs in France in the first half of the seventeenth century, is so firmly based on fact that I feel there must be authority for the story that when the Pope received the news of Richelieu's death he exclaimed: "If there be a God, the Cardinal de Richelieu will have many accounts to render to Him. If there be none, he has lived a glorious life." Yet it was a queer thing for a Pope to say, even in days when Popes said and did queer things, altogether incongruous with their position as Vicars of Christ. It hardly becomes the occupant of that position to make the existence of God an hypothesis. All the same, what was argued from it is one of the eternal verities. The human standard of "a glorious life" is one thing; the divine standard, as set by the life of Christ, quite another. From M. Bailly's comment on the Pope's conditional tribute to Richelieu, I gather that he does not admit this. "He had lived a glorious life. As for his accounts, he had rendered them in one sentence: 'I have had no enemies but those of the State.'" These were Richelieu's last words, his reply to the customary question put by priests to the dying: "Do you forgive your enemies?" The reply seems to M. Bailly to contain the whole meaning of Richelieu's life. "From the day he achieved supremacy, he doffed his own humanity and had no wish to be other than the inflexible servant of France. It was not in his own name that he loved or hated, for he had ceased to exist as a man, and he judged other men only according to the help or hindrance that they brought to his work." However satisfactory this may be as a plea that a statesman is dispensed from the obligations binding on a man, it leaves the question raised by the Pope unanswered.

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PETER DAVIES

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Rumer Godden

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To Pekingese-lovers it need only be said that *Chinese Puzzle* is absolutely guaranteed to give them deep and lasting pleasure. But it has a wider appeal: the story of Wong Li is a little masterpiece of chinoiserie, tender, humorous, as delicate as a Ming landscape or a poem of Li-Po; and the sequel-autobiography of Ting-Ling, how he lived among his friends the mastiff, the spaniel, the bull terrier, the dalmatian, the wire-haired terriers, the French bull-dog, and Citron, the lascivious cat—how Ting-ling lived among these, and loved, and died—takes rank at once among the best dog-stories in our literature.

6s.

Recommended by the Book Society

Duet For Female Voices

by

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author of *If She is Wise*

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personages, suppressing facts to their discredit, was succeeded by the biographer who proclaimed himself a realist, and brought these facts to light, often magnifying their importance. It is now the day of the biographer who accepts the truth that "roses have thorns and silver fountains mud," but does not think they are to be admired and loved less on that account. He admits his hero's faults frankly, convinced that they do not diminish his stature, but refrains from censuring them. M. Bailly is this kind of biographer, the most lenient and easy-going of moralists. Richelieu, in the pursuit of his ideal, a strong and united France, capable of exercising an hegemony in Europe, was not particular about the means he adopted to attain it. He committed many offences against the moral law. For the triumph of a temporal policy he was even willing to deal his religion, in which he sincerely believed, a crushing blow, and was deterred only when his ablest adviser, the Capuchin, Father Joseph, convinced him that a Protestant colossus would ultimately be a greater danger to France than the Catholic one of the Austrian Empire. The hiring of Gustavus Adolphus to do some very dirty work cannot be exculpated, unless we endorse M. Bailly's opinion that "moral concepts have little place in politics. The only criterion of a method's worth in this domain is its efficacy, since the interests at stake leave no ideal conceivable, except success, by whatever means it be attained." One can imagine Mussolini and Hitler reading this Machiavelli-inspired passage with profound satisfaction. Also Richelieu's own vindication of dictatorship :

> Nothing is more dangerous in a State than diverse authorities on equal terms in the administration of affairs. If it be true that monarchical government resembles that of God more than any other, it may boldly be said that, if the sovereign be unable or unwilling to keep his own eye continually on chart and compass, reason insists that he should hand over the charge to someone above all the others.

Although Louis XIII submitted to the ascendancy of the minister, who, he had the sense to recognise, was "above all the others," the submission was not so complete as to relieve Richelieu of all fear that he might rebel, a contingency he dreaded the more because he was well aware that the strength of his dictatorship came from its roots in the monarchical ideal. He very adroitly guarded against it by making the King his collaborator, and associating him with his military and diplomatic triumphs. This was easy for him, for he had not a streak of megalomania in his disposition. Whatever charges may be brought against him, that of seeking to exalt himself, and inflate his reputation, must be left out.

If M. Bailly is prone to exaggerate the gloriousness of Richelieu's life, there is every excuse for him. He believes that the frenzied selfishness of French political clans has always been one of France's greatest misfortunes, so the man who rescued her from that for a century, and gave her a commanding position in Europe, rouses his patriotic enthusiasm and gratitude. His portrait of Richelieu is, however, none the less fine, technically, because it is flattering. The portraits by Dumas, Vigny, Hugo and others, seem ludicrously simple and crude by its side. Richelieu is a difficult subject, what with his contradictory characteristics, and his multifarious activities. I cannot praise enough the skill with which M. Bailly has composed them. And admiration must be unstinted for Richelieu's indomitable courage. M. Bailly does not exaggerate when he writes that his career provides "one of the most moving and magnificent examples of what moral strength can exact from a wasted body." Richelieu did his great work under appalling physical disadvantages. He suffered tortures from anal ulcers, and was the victim of frequent attacks of rheumatism, fever, and neuralgia. This was the hidden side of this prodigious life.

Mr. Hamish Miles's translation reads well on the whole, but there are passages here and there which suggest that the author's precise meaning has been blunted by the use of far from precise equivalents for some French words. Christopher St. John

BLACK APOLLO !

The Saga of Coffee: The Biography of an Economic Product. By Heinrich Eduard Jacob. *Allen and Unwin.* 15*s.*

The title of this book is significant: it was written by a German author as *Sage und Siegeszug des Kaffees*, became in America "the Epic of a Commodity" and now appears as a saga. But the author himself, without much assistance from his English publishers, must be capable of anything in his attempts to make his learning attractive to the general reader. Thus he tells us that in France "the magical fumes emanating from the kitchen of the Black Apollo eased the angles off conflicting opinions," and stranger things than this happen both before and after the eighteenth century, which Mr. Jacob calls "the Rococo." He belongs to the school of writers who imbed a certain amount of comminuted information in a sludge or filling, which may vary from the consistency of soft nougat to that of cork lino. The reader who has an appetite for information is infuriated by the labour of absorbing it.

Mr. Jacob is far from being the worst of his school. He has collected with real enthusiasm an array of facts and fables about the social and commercial history of coffee. Pure fancy is represented by the suggestion that *nepenthe* the "Egyptian drug of subtle potency" which Helen in the 4th Odyssey puts into the wine of her guests, was coffee, because coffee is said to have a similar power of checking tears. (Coffee in wine instead of after wine seems to be otherwise unrecorded, though wine mixed with tea has long been an excellent drink of Alpine climbers). Next comes the silly legend of the discovery of the coffee plant, probably a native of Abyssinia, by goats in the Yemen, and the failure of a movement in Islam to prohibit coffee as an intoxicant, followed by some doubtful mentions of coffee by early botanists and travellers. Coffee definitely arrived in Europe after the middle of the seventeenth century, reaching Vienna with the Turkish invaders.

Mr. Jacob presents with increasing definition the introduction of coffee in France, Germany, and England, where he sees it as "an anti-Bacchic to cope with the frightful prevalence of drunkenness in the Shakespearean age." He does not note the well-known quotation from John Evelyn: "There came in my time [1636] to the college [Balliol] one Nathaniel out of Greece. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee." He thinks that England was sunk in a drunken stupor until coffee "introduced a taste for brisk conversation." He quotes the Rape of the Lock, but not the whole of the relevant passage, in which Pope seems to imply that coffee was roasted and ground in the drawing-room. In 1730 coffee was succeeded by tea, "a beverage for taciturn people, better suited than coffee to the English."

Other chapters deal with the Dutch introduction of coffee to Java, the coffee monopoly and the taxation of coffee-house keepers in France, and the part played by the coffee house in the intellectual preparation of the Revolution. From the earliest coffee houses in Hamburg (1690), Leipzig and Vienna, coffee spread quickly; J. S. Bach wrote his *Coffee Cantata* in 1740, and in 1750 Maria Theresa had to settle a conflict between distillers and coffee boilers. Napoleon's exclusion of English shipping from the Continent (1806) led to the use of chicory as a substitute.

Ten more chapters filled with an increasing proportion of satisfying detail follow the vicissitudes of coffee in the nineteenth century between the markets of Amsterdam, Bordeaux, Hamburg, London and New York, and the plantations of Java, Ceylon and Brazil.

The concluding chapters are the best in the book; they describe the over-production of coffee in Brazil, staved off for a time by the introduction of prohibition in America, but never far away as long as prices encouraged the increase of plantation. It is a lesson in the folly of anarchic competition and private enterprise, culminating in a first-hand picture of the coffee burnings and Santos coffee-parties of 1932.

The translation of this saga has been done faithfully and without flinching by Eden and Cedar Paul. It is not clear whether they or Mr. Jacob or all three of them should be credited with the creation of two hitherto unknown Frenchmen—"Croquis" who is said to have done the drawing for an etching by Debucourt (facing p. 209), and "Mercur Galant, a Parisian" (p. 161).

John Mavrogordato

THE HIGHLAND CROFTER

Highland Homespun. By Margaret Mary Leigh. *Bell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Leigh is on the face of it so experienced a writer (and reader) that she must know, without any telling, that her book is an exceptionally good one. One circumstance may be taken as the measure of its goodness: it is quite capable of dashing the habitual cheerfulness of the self-exiled Scot and making him for the moment almost regret his native hills. The mood will quickly pass, for even Miss Leigh cannot work miracles; but to have created it at all, even for five minutes, is a distinguished achievement. No Scot could have done it, for no Scot can write about the Highlands without some affectation that is fatal to conviction.

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As publishers of *My Country & My People*, we recommend to you wholeheartedly this account of China's neighbour. 15s.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

At the best we get the bustling romance of Scott, at the worst Stevenson's simpering "In the Highlands, in the country places." Only one Scotsman has ever written objectively about the Highlands, and that was the author of *A Summer in Skye*. Miss Leigh's book is of like character to Alexander Smith's, but it is far stronger, far better informed, and far more serious. She has two advantages that Smith had not: she is English, and she was not a summer visitor but one who, summer and winter, during ten arduous years made her life and living in the West Highlands.

Miss Leigh was bred at Oxford and for some time held a teaching appointment there. But one day she came to the conclusion that scholarship was not a woman's job, quitted Oxford and took a little farm on (apparently) Loch Carron. It may be objected that if scholarship is not a woman's job, still less is farming, especially when the woman is single, and after her ten years' struggle Miss Leigh seems half-inclined to think the same. But she went among people who think otherwise. The Highlandman holds that farm work—or work of any kind—is eminently suitable for women, for it must be done, and who but the women should do it, seeing that it is unthinkable that he should touch the unclean thing? This comfortable convention has its roots in history.

> In ancient times, when men were mostly away hunting, fishing, or fighting, it was natural enough that women should cultivate the land. But now, when these activities have been so much curtailed that man's chief work is leaning up against the door-post of the cowshed, talking and smoking until something turns up to interest him, this unequal division of labour has little to be said for it. Homes are badly kept, cookery hardly exists; no one bothers to keep a garden, much less to make clothes. A certain amount of knitting and spinning are done, but not one of the Highland girls we had as servants brought with her a needle and thread, nor did I ever see any of them darn as much as a stocking. Nor can you blame them: they have far too much to do outside.

In this respect the Highlander has altered not at all since the time of Burt, who was shocked by this "unequal division of labour," even in days when hunting and fighting were still considerable activities. And if the women work it is only because they must, not because they are inclined to it, any more than the men. They too have what Miss Leigh calls the "Atlantic" temperament, which is soft and easy-going. Climate, no doubt, is an important, but not the only, factor. There is some weakness here that has nothing to do with the "balmy airs of the Gulf Stream"—a weakness which would account for the fact that, while the so-called Celtic races are widely spread over north-western Europe, Celtic culture has virtually disappeared, and Celtic tongues are spoken only by a handful of people on the Atlantic seaboard. They seem to have a fatal facility for succumbing to foreign influences.

Yet—and one wishes Miss Leigh had discussed this point—why is it impossible to industrialise the Highlander on his native heath and so tragically easy to turn him into an industrial proletarian when he migrates to a city? Probably 90 per cent. of the population of Clydeside are of West Highland or Irish blood, not many generations removed from croft and cabin. They have the reputation of being particularly lurid Reds, but that is a new and not very convincing story. They have no part in the true Radical tradition of Scotland. (I say this in sorrow, being one of them myself.)

Judged by modern efficiency standards, the crofting population of the West Highlands are hopeless "duds." Though poor as can be, they have no Stoic virtues. Their home is *quod latus mundi nebulae malusque Juppiter urget*, but they love it and get a philosophy out of it. They prefer words to deeds, contemplation to activity, and can say "What's your hurry?" with the same disconcerting conclusiveness as the Spaniard's *mañana*. Such men are dangerous. Miss Leigh found even her sturdy Saxon virtues in constant danger of being corrupted by the insidious philosophy of her neighbours at Achnabo. And she still wonders if, after all, they may not be right. They are poor, but never in want, and if they are indolent it is because they think it better to be men than machines or beasts of burden.

DONALD CARSWELL

ARE YOU A SAP?

Meet Yourself. By PRINCE LEOPOLD LOEWENSTEIN and WILLIAM GERHARDI. *Faber and Faber*. 6*s*.

For those who are undeterred by the daily discipline of the mirror, Prince Leopold Loewenstein and William Gerhardi may perform the useful service of introducing them to themselves.

Meeting oneself is not, however, always particularly pleasant. It will be remembered that Musset was seriously upset by his frequent encounters with

Un étranger vêtu de noir
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

The authors of this book are undisturbed by the possibility that their readers may come to hate the sight of themselves, and, after telling them who they are, tell them what they ought to do about it.

The book begins with a questionnaire divided up into thirteen groups. Each question can be answered yes or no, and each answer is labelled A or B. If in the first group you score more A's than B's you are directed into the sets of questions suitable for the red section; if you score more B's than A's you are yellow or green. Each group of questions which you pass through narrows down the number of available characters provided for you. Eventually you are given as a key-word the name of a river, and although you are occasionally diverted by your answers to additional questions you proceed soberly through analysis to advice and your final terminus. This sounds very complicated, but, as the authors claim, it is simple enough in practice.

In some groups of questions it is easy enough to see what the questioner wants to get out of you, and consequently easy enough to cheat. The book is useful for baiting psychologists. When asked "While being fond or extremely fond of one parent, have you (or had you) a more negative feeling for the other?" their eyes become shifty and sly. One section is an enquiry into the phobias, though it is not, of course, labelled as that. The question, "Do Mickey Mouse films or other animated cartoons of that sort frighten you?" was a new one on me. Introverts are neatly segregated from extraverts, and obsessionals from hysterics.

As *Meet Yourself* is not meant to be read straight through, it becomes the duty of a reviewer first of all to go in search of himself, and then to sneak about the book pretending to be other people. The first part of this duty proved disagreeable. My key-word turned out to be Tweed—a dull river. I have "retained the capacity for natural emotions," and although people may think that I am selfish it will be because they envy me my "strength and health-imparting vitality." There are approximately 27,000 individual variations of the fundamental character Tweed, and I appear to have picked the worthiest and the stodgiest. That is what comes of cheating.

Keyhole work at the confessionals of less cautious penitents showed that they were going through it. To one of them the father confessors are harsh; "Whether you be man or woman, your sex is immaterial. As a man you would encroach with grace on the hitherto female preserves. Your friends would be women, to whom you would be like a sister." To another they are acidly kind: "Your very lack of insight operates to your advantage. It is as if nature herself had transformed your lack of perception, commonly a weakness, into self-confidence—a strength. On this you are to be congratulated." Advice is given on all kinds of subjects. The index will direct the lazy reader to helpful little essays on such subjects as: "You are a woman from a De Maupassant novel," or "Women, how to seduce."

On pages 178, 296 and 306, the reader who knows his Gerhardi well will first suspect that he is suffering from *déjà vu* and then discover that passages from *The Casanova Myth* have come in handy.

As a scientific instrument, *Meet Yourself* is not up to much. Prince Loewenstein and Mr. Gerhardi are more like fortune-tellers than psycho-analysts. However, some palmists know more about human nature than some psychologists, and these bump-readers are witty, unpretentious, and uncommonly worldly-wise. If it is used for parlour games, *Meet Yourself* should reduce many a happy party to violence and tears.

FREDERICK LAWS

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A lively, well-written, up-to-date sort of book on the darkest hour before the dawn theme. Civilisation is admittedly in danger. Therefore it is about to take on a new lease of life. Christianity is in the winter of its discontent. Therefore the spring must be at hand, and the world regenerated through faith in Christ. That,

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crudely, is what the argument comes to. The conclusion, it is obvious, bears all the marks of wish fulfilment, for Mr. Lloyd is a clergyman. Wishes breed thoughts, but they do not father evidence. Nor in this case is evidence produced. Nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd's argument is worth pursuing, since in the course of elaborating it he contrives to let fall a number of interesting comments upon the modern world.

The ostensible theme of the book is the contemporary conflict which Mr. Lloyd discerns between Christianity and civilisation. The modern revolt against Christianity has passed through three phases—first, repudiation of Christian dogmas plus acceptance of Christian values, the T. H. Huxley-Buckle phase; secondly, denial of Christian values, the Bertrand Russell-D. H. Lawrence phase; thirdly, as a result of the comparative success of this denial and the consequent entry into the empty lodging of the individual's soul of seven devils worse than the ejected Jesus, a feverish endeavour to find a substitute for Christianity, and its discovery in the concept of civilisation. To say that a man is a Christian to-day is no compliment; to say that he is civilised is in the intention of writers who set the intellectual tone of the times—contributors to this journal are flatteringly cited in this connection—a very great compliment indeed. Hence has arisen the notion that there is a necessary antithesis between Christianity and civilisation. This antithesis, Mr. Lloyd concludes, is false. "Civilisation and Christianity," he affirms, "are not opposites. Nor are they identical, even in this world. But each needs the characteristic gifts and graces of the other."

The elaboration of this conclusion forms the major part of the book. Of the reasons given in its favour the two following are, perhaps, the most impressive. First, various writers, succumbing to the prevailing fashion of admiration for the eighteenth century, and finding in the eighteenth-century man the most civilised specimen of our species, have foisted upon us a defective concept of civilisation. Tolerant, rational, sceptical, without prejudice or political passion, worldly, serene, sensitive to beauty, graceful in manner, cosmopolitan in outlook, and above all a disciple of reason —such, they have insisted, is the truly civilised man. So far, so good! Christianity makes no demur. "To bow to Reason, to love Beauty, to be intellectually curious and to display courtesy are all qualities to which the Christian . . . must pay homage. . . . All these virtues, characteristic of civilisation, are characteristic of Christianity also." But something has been left out. This, Mr. Lloyd suggests, is respect for individual personality. Clive Bell, it is true, to whom the argument frequently refers, has by implication conceded it by his very proper admission that the individual is "the fount and origin of civility." But most of the cultivated and the erudite have, nevertheless, left it out. Not so, however, the common man. The person whom Mr. Lloyd calls the Plain Man is admittedly inclined at first to identify civilisation with gadgets, and to talk of progress because by the aid of a few scientific inventions he has succeeded in establishing a society which mistakes civilisation for comfort. But when pressed—an imaginary W.E.A. Class is at this point envisaged—he withdraws and substitutes "the sacredness of personality." Why else, in the long run, does he object to Nazi Germany, to Fascist Italy, or even, when he does object to it, to Soviet Russia? Because in these countries the person is not respected. The Plain Man is, of course, right. Now, it is precisely this respect for persons which has been generated by Christianity.

Secondly, Professor Toynbee, whom the author justly admires, has shown how frequently the rise of a civilisation has been a response to a challenge. It is the "tension or challenge" of distressful facts, starvation and suffering, injustice, slavery and war, not riches, culture and ease, that "stimulates the desire to escape or to conquer." Of this stimulus "civilisation is constantly in need if it is to move forward." But it is by precisely similar facts that Christianity also is reinvigorated. "It is when the World is fullest of enmity to the Christian message that it stands nearest to its own conversion. For when a Church is met by enmity, a stimulus is administered to its people." Thus the conditions which favour the growth both of civilisation and Christianity are the same, a circumstance which leads Mr. Lloyd to the conclusion that only Christianity can save civilisation:

> The pressing need of civilisation is that those who seek for it should make their own the Christian values of life, and apply them as the criteria of their quest. The dynamic by which alone they can achieve this difficult feat, without which, indeed, they will hardly understand it, is solely the consequence of a personal surrender to Christ.

The conclusion, not unexpected, is nevertheless, I feel, far from being necessitated. It is supported by some dubious statements. Is it really the case, for example, that "many, perhaps most, Churches, are fuller than ever they were"? Statistics suggest that it is not. Is it really true that the detractors of Christianity "have been reduced to despair" since "the weapon with which they thought to destroy the intellectual basis of the Christian Faith has broken in their hands"? I cannot say that I have noticed it; and if the justification for expecting a renaissance both of Christianity and of civilisation is the challenge of distressful facts, what are we to make of the optimism with which Mr. Lloyd proceeds to cite material abundance and resultant leisure, the distinguishing characteristics, albeit only potential characteristics, of our civilisation, as giving the modern civiliser "a better initial chance than had any of his ancestors"? As to the general thesis, we may, I think, admit that civilisation, which is essentially urban and worldly, makes insufficient provision for the needs of the spirit, which it is apt to regard as eccentricities. One man is at home only with Nature, another aspires to make contact with the supernatural; neither is wholly happy in a purely civilised society. Religion, then, we may concede, may be required as a supplement; but it does not follow that the religion must be Christianity. Taoism, as Mr. Lin Yutang has recently so admirably explained, provides for precisely these needs, these Sunday needs, arising in men dedicated to the every-day Confucianism of a high civilisation.

C. E. M. Joad

HITLER

Hitler the Pawn. By Rudolf Olden. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

Herr Olden was political editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It must be presumed, since nothing is said about translated or translator, that he wrote this book in English. It is a considerable feat for a foreigner, but if one wants to write a good book it is always much better not to attempt this kind of "feat." This is a very disappointing book, and its failure is in part due to the way in which it is written. Some of the literary defects must be set down to the fact that the writer is a foreigner, e.g., the reader is frequently bewildered by this kind of sentence: "Political feeling in Bavaria is antithetic, and Bavarian resentment has always been directed chiefly against the Prussians." (I am not sure what the author really intends to express by the word "antithetic"; does he really mean "antipathetic"?) But the trouble goes deeper than mere words and meanings. Herr Olden may have been a first-class editor, but, like many famous journalists, he has not mastered the difficult art of writing a book. He just puts down one sentence after another as each occurs to him. The sentences have then been joined together or cut up into paragraphs with little or no relation to the sequence of thought. One paragraph of fifteen sentences may be followed by a paragraph of a single sentence, but the arrangement is purely arbitrary. He begins to explain something and interrupts the explanation to describe or explain or state something else which is almost if not quite irrelevant. The effect upon the reader is disastrous; he falls into a somnolent or somnambulent state in which he seems to be learning a lot, but when he closes the book, rubs his eyes, yawns, and becomes fully awake again, he is exasperated and tantalised by inability to recall anything but the vaguest segments of an inconsequent dream.

The book would have been better if Herr Olden had decided whether he was to write a biography of Hitler or a history of the rise of the National Socialist Party to power. As it is, it is a cross between the two, and this adds to the confusion. It begins biographically, and this is the best part of the book. Herr Olden seems to have gone to considerable trouble to find out facts about Herr Hitler's family, and much of the information is new to us. There is no doubt a certain significance in the absence from *Mein Kampf* of any mention of Herr Hitler's father's real name, of his three wives, and of most of his children, but even here Herr Olden is too long-winded and makes too much of the significance. His analysis of the Führer's psychology and his explanation and account of his rise to power follow a pretty obvious and hackneyed route, guided by the notion that he is always "the pawn," but his methods are so disorderly and disjointed that the final picture is blurred.

As regards the history rather than the biography, the same criticism unfortunately applies. Every now and again Herr Olden gives us some interesting information, facts of which we were not aware, e.g., details regarding the connection between the Rhineland heavy industry and the Nazis and the financing of the Nazi press in 1931. But otherwise the book adds very little to

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Constable

our knowledge and Herr Olden's method of presentation is very unsatisfactory. Take, as an example, the chapter on the massacre of June 30th. The narrative is confused and confusing; it adds no new facts. One gathers at the end that Herr Olden's interpretation is that now generally accepted, namely, that the story of a plot by Röhm and others was invented and that the massacre was merely a belated solution by Hitler of the difficult problem of the future status of the S.A. This explanation is probably in the main and so far as it goes correct. But one cannot believe that it is the whole explanation. If the S.A. leaders were really as loyal as Herr Olden thinks them, only a raving lunatic would have massacred them in order to settle their relations to the Reichswehr. There is no evidence that Herr Hitler is a raving lunatic. On the other hand, the woolly psychological explanation offered by Herr Olden is no explanation at all; it is worth quoting, because it is characteristic:

> From the stream of blood there emerges the *bourgeois* lad, the "formless, faceless" man who was so fond of playing the nice little boy who would not hurt a fly. Ruthless as was the final breach with civilisation that took place on June 30th, 1934, one is reminded that it is a small man with *petit bourgeois* ideals who achieved it. He murders and simultaneously accuses the murdered men: "They drink, they sleep with men, they even kick up a shindy." Is this a cunning attempt to appeal to public hypocrisy, to make their petty sins appear as if they deserved the penalty of death? But of course, we know that the Leader believes what he says.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE NEW CÉLINE

Mort à Credit. By LOUIS FERDINAND CÉLINE. *Denoel et Steele.* 25 francs.

Voyage au bout de la nuit was the book which most brutally expressed post-war disillusionment. The triviality, cruelty, and misery of human nature have never been exposed with a more resolute blindness to the brighter side. M. Céline's gusto for disgust was magnificent: he had carried us, indeed, to the darkest of the night—but where further could he take us? His new book is really two novels. The first, a description of a most miserable childhood in the Paris of about 1900, might be a prologue to the *Voyage*: it is enormously readable, for M. Céline's gloom is bursting with vitality, but it adds little to his previous book. Then, on page 394, the book suddenly turns into extravagant, ferocious comedy. The unhappy boy becomes the secretary of Courtial des Pereires, a professional balloonist who edits a journal of inventions. A competition for the best perpetual motion machine provokes a riot of crazy inventors, another competition for methods of salvaging foundered treasure-ships reduces the publishing house to literal ruins. Des Pereires then takes a farm on which to grow vegetables of Brobdingnagian size by telluric radiation—acres of poor soil are covered with electrically charged wire; and to raise the necessary cash, cheap board and lodging are offered to Parisian children who require an outdoor life. These pillage the countryside to provide the establishment with food. Eventually the police arrive and des Pereires kills himself. The nature of the comedy is that of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, but M. Céline revels in a violence which would have dismayed Flaubert. He writes always at the top of his voice—there are pages upon pages of exclamatory abuse, and the reader becomes dizzy under the constant bombardment. There is a passage describing seasickness on a Channel packet and another describing the mess made by a man blowing out his brains which are more triumphantly disgusting than anything we have previously seen in print. You flinch, you may be forced by nausea to skip, but you cannot stop reading, for M. Céline exuberates with excitement. This is one of the most savagely amusing books ever written. The language, like that of the *Voyage*, is the jargon of the Paris taxi-driver, as thickly laced with slang as the toughest gangster story, and difficult reading, therefore, for the foreigner. Everything is extreme in this book, including the indecency, though occasionally there are blank spots where the nerve even of this publisher has failed. Swift is the only other writer whose hatred is as all-embracing as M. Céline's, and it rode him into madness. Laughing, like Figaro, so as not to be obliged to weep, M. Céline loses all control of himself. *Mort à credit* is one of the curiosities of literature, an explosion of furious farce, which deafens and appals us like the hysterics of a Cyclops.

You have been warned.

R. M.

HALF-HEARTED HYGIENE

Social Hygiene To-day. By HENRY ERNEST GARLE. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There is enough that is civilised and helpful in this book to cause regret that the shadow of the British Social Hygiene Council should distort its premises and limit its conclusions. For all his knowledge and good-will, Mr. Garle is one of the half-hearted, who wish to diminish or even abolish prostitution and venereal diseases without touching economic inequalities or the institution of marriage. Thus he has merely the baldest references and a couple of highly gratuitous sneers for the U.S.S.R. "where experiment is more honoured than experience," and where the problem is tackled on a large scale as part of a co-ordinated plan. Yet he admits that "a considerable volume of prostitution and of the demand for prostitution is the product of conditions that are socially controllable"; and in his useful indictments of regulation he stresses "the various third-party ramifications which form the network of roots at the basis of the system." He is also sensible and humane about "compulsory notifications."

The second part of the book includes a Digest of Laws in various countries, a Bibliography with some notable omissions and a series of Appendices. The Digest illustrates the difference between laws and—facts. Who would recognise, under the smug façade of the laws enacted—and even occasionally enforced—in New York—the facts revealed by Judge Seabury's report, and the successful business enterprises of Mapucho Acuna and, more recently, of Luciano? Who would guess—to come nearer home—from the austere detachment of our own rectitude, the very existence of Max Kassel and Sergeant Goddard?

Moreover, the Digest is out of date in some important directions. How is it that a serious international compendium published this year does not mention any German legislation later than 1929? Apart from its intrinsic significance as a return to the Middle Ages, the re-introduction of the licensed house, immediately after Hitler's Conscription Law, has already had effect as an example. Chile and Uruguay have reverted to this system; and we understand that in future no voluntary Societies but only Governments will be directly represented on the relevant League of Nations organisation—an ominous symptom. How is it possible to discuss prostitution or venereal diseases to-day, without some tribute to the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene—which Mr. Garle ignores? Does it really enlighten or aid, to quote the solemn and indiscriminate pomposities of the British Social Hygiene Council? These are hardly adequate weapons to cope with "third-party ramifications" and commercial exploitation.

F. W. S. B.

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The Reign of Elizabeth, 1558-1603. By J. B. BLACK. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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In *The Reign of Elizabeth*, the third volume to be published of the Oxford History of England, Professor Black surveys a reign more obviously pregnant with recognisable consequences than any other in our history; for Elizabeth may be said to have inherited the bankrupt Middle Ages and bequeathed the modern world. It is Professor Black's achievement that without minimising the real strength of the Queen who had many weaknesses or the real value of the stolid statecraft of her famous councillors, he makes us feel the sweep of events as they were impelled by forces, moral, material, and intellectual, which lay outside the control of even the ken of statecraft. His survey of the political arena is cautious and unspectacular, and his judgments are nothing if not canny. But if he has not rewritten the political history of the reign, his sobriety of outlook will prove a useful antidote to the partisanship Tudor history generally inflames. It is, however, when we turn to the chapters on the expansion of England and the economic and social revolution and on literature, art and thought, that we recognise what a masterly account of the period he has given us.

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lively, irritating and very readable swashbuckling. Nevertheless, in spite of, perhaps because of, the book's extremely aggressive and personal point of view it smacks of the time, and makes the dry bones and dry controversies live again.

Spring Up, O Well. By DOROTHY RUTH KAHN. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Nevinson writes an introduction to this account of Zionist life by an American lady. The ecstatic vulgarity of Miss Kahn's style, which is calculated to nauseate the fastidious reader, positively helps to give an appropriate impression of the bubbling, feverish life at Tel Aviv. The extravagance of a newly revived nationalism among so exuberant a race as the Jews has roused the authoress to passionate, though not entirely uncritical, enthusiasm. Her book will help the reader to understand the emotions behind the Zionist thesis, and at the same time makes very comprehensible the alarm which the backward natives of the country feel at this passionate invasion.

Boys in the Making. By T. PELLATT. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

Amateurs of self-revealing autobiography can be strongly recommended to this book. Mr. Pellatt founded a highly successful preparatory school, Durnford, and, having retired, gives us the fruit of his experience. Schoolmasters somehow can contrive to be more behind the times than anyone else, and Mr. Pellatt's memoirs have the old-world charm of an unspoiled Dorset village. On patriotism, sex, religion, art and, of course, education, he delivers himself with that mixture of strong prejudice and dewy innocence which distinguished our grandfathers. In the process he endears himself to the reader, who perceives what an inspired schoolmaster this must have been. The love for boys and rough good sense which the book reveal are more valuable to a schoolmaster than all the theories in the world. The book is a fascinating self-portrait, which already has great historical interest. It brings home to one the violent change in life and thought which has occurred in this century, and excites a certain sentimental nostalgia for the past with its unquestioned values and ingenuous acceptances. The patronising modern may declare that Mr. Pellatt never grew up. But if this be so, may not it have been the eternal boy in him which made him so successful and so loved a schoolmaster?

Miss Elizabeth Bennet. By A. A. MILNE. *Chatto and Windus.* 5s.

This dramatisation of *Pride and Prejudice* is vastly more scholarly than the version now visible at the St. James's Theatre. Even Mr. Milne trips up occasionally. Mr. Bennet is made to promise to take Lydia to a hanging, and he uses, quite inconceivably, the word "epoch-making." Also Mr. Bingley refers to "My Lord Chatham," as if he were still alive. But these are tiny blemishes compared with the enormities of the American version. Mr. Milne's invention of dialogue for Darey and Bingley is specially ingenious. The play appears to be very long, but we should very much like to see it, with Miss Celia Johnson, of course, in the title role. As this seems unlikely, we hope that he will try one of Miss Austen's other novels. *Emma*, in his delicate handling, could be a lovely play.

Music's Handmaid. By HARRIET COHEN. *Faber and Faber.* 5s.

This is a useful and on the whole extremely sensible little book. Its utilitarian object should be emphasised, for, while the first chapters are devoted to tracing the development of keyboard music, in a rapid survey, the main purpose of the book is to deal with certain technical problems connected with the interpretation of pianoforte masterpieces. Miss Cohen, who holds an established position as a pianist of delicate distinction, takes Elizabethan keyboard music, Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, de Falla, and Arnold Bax, and shows, in great detail, exactly what difficulties the pianist is up against in attempting to interpret their music. Fingering, pedalling, dynamic power, and so on, are all dealt with in reference to specified passages (some of which are quoted in notation), and indications are given of the best way to tackle each piece in its entirety. As a handbook for pianists of all calibres the book is worth careful attention, whether one always agrees with Miss Cohen's solution of the problem or not; it is certainly an object-lesson to anyone who inclines to slapdash performance.

The Greek Language in its Evolution. By A. F. SEMENOV. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Professor Anatol Semenov, who has taught and studied Greek at the Universities of Kiev and Warsaw, has succeeded in reviewing in two hundred pages the whole development of the Greek language from the early Greek dialects of the sixth century B.C. down to the modern Greek newspapers. The book (apparently written by the author in English) may certainly be recommended as what it professes to be, "an introduction to the scientific study" of the language, for there is no other book in English which covers so much ground with such concision, and it is extremely desirable that the student should get an image of the whole field of development before he begins to fill in the details of a particular period by his own studies. Professor Semenov recognises three main forms of post-classical Greek: the *Koinê* which was a sort of generalised Attic; the Vulgar Greek, which succeeded the *Koinê* in about the sixth century; and Modern Greek, which may be dated from about the fifteenth century. His method of presenting the history fails to emphasise sufficiently the essential unity of these three forms, although he does refer to the difficulties of drawing lines either phonetically or grammatically in the historical development. The most remarkable characteristic of the Greek language is its unbroken unity from the earliest times to the present day. Over this unity at different periods various more or less artificial literary languages have been erected, as in the earliest times the language of Homer, in classical times the language of Thucydides, in Byzantine times the language of the neo-Attic chroniclers, in modern times the opposite and equally artificial extremes of the much-abused *Katharevousa* (the official legislative language) and the fashionably rusticated *dêmotikê* of modern Greek literature. But the main current of the *Koinê*, almost completely submerged since the eighteenth century, is running on, and still reappears in polite conversation. Professor Semenov concludes with a "historical survey of Greek syntax" which is useful though necessarily incomplete. There are a few misprints, a good many points which might be disputed and a few indubitable mistakes.

The Medical Dictator. By MAJOR GREENWOOD. *Williams and Norgate.* 7s. 6d.

Professor Major Greenwood, always a writer distinguished by uncommon sense and lively scholarship, makes a very agreeable contribution to the fascinating subject of medical history in seven biographical essays. He is justly severe on Galen, a Jekyll and Hyde character, who was too often Hyde. John Freind at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Peter Mere Latham in the nineteenth, Osler and Arthur William Bacot in our own time, receive his homage, and two founders of Professor Greenwood's special science, statistical medicine, are commemorated in William Farr and P. C. A. Louis. The personalities of these scientists are made as interesting as the hypotheses they put forward. Altogether a most enjoyable excursion into regions of biography which have been rarely explored.

Chess for Match Players. By W. WINTER. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 10s. 6d.

It is a real problem for the average member of a London League club, playing a match perhaps two nights a week, to improve his chess theory. Increased knowledge of the openings comes largely from the wide range of opponents, effectiveness in the middle game from trial and error, while the shortness of time available for League and County matches prevents almost any experience of the end game. It is for players whose time for study of the game is definitely limited that Mr. Winter has designed his book. Manuals of the openings have always been either too full (and so books of reference rather than instruction) or too compressed, in which case they are dangerous guides to actual play. Mr. Winter has avoided this difficulty by the excellent method of treating those defences, which he considers unsound for match play, from the point of view only of the attack, and vice versa; he has not done this at the expense of analysis of sound lines, and he adheres to the modern fashion of emphasising the principle of each opening rather than marshalling an array of variations to be learnt parrot-wise. It is refreshing, by the way, to find the British champion advocating gambits such as the Vienna and Evans in match play. The chapter on middle-game combinations is naturally more like the reminiscences and generalisations of an old soldier, from which the recruit can pick up lessons of value here and there. There are also a section on the end game and twelve annotated games; while an opening chapter of "general hints" (e.g., on the use of the clock) illustrates the essentially practical nature of a wholly admirable book.

The Meaning of History. By NICOLAS BERDYAEV. *Bles.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Berdyaev does not so much tell us what history means as what attitude we ought to take towards it. His book is serious, and the attitude he recommends is sound as far as it goes. "History is powerless to solve the problem of individual destiny": agreed. Nor is it as if reason required us to believe that evolution and/or invention were taking the human community by a short route to Utopia. Mr. Berdyaev asks: Are the nineteenth and twentieth centuries any closer to God than their predecessors were? It has become easy enough to distinguish between progress, meaning more knowledge and power, and progress, meaning the apotheosis of Adam. Marshal Badoglio with his apparatus of poison gas is an advance on Napoleon, but Dr. Melly's crown of martyrdom is just the old-fashioned article. So since time, the accumulation of years, of itself improves neither the individual nor the race, Mr. Berdyaev concludes that true progress is the "transition from terrestrial to celestial history." Now we come to the weak part of a good book. The first step towards the celestial, we gather, is not to vote Socialist. Is it not rather inconsistent for Mr. Berdyaev to condemn Socialism as a failure when he has said that all terrestrial history must be a failure? He has an answer to this: he says that what is really wrong with Socialism is not its failure but its hope of success. Christianity is a failure too, he admits, on the material plane; but then Christianity is apocalyptic—its hope is of heaven. In a world in which bread has to be made and bought, in which one has to vote for Brown *or* Jones, and in which a single nation spends three hundred pounds a minute on guns and ammunition, the apocalyptic philosophy is not enough. Mr. Berdyaev would have to own that the aspiration to make terrestrial deserts blossom like the rose is not unchristian. Where politics are concerned there is unfortunately no third, apocalyptic, course open to us: there is only historical going forward or historical sliding back. The most interesting passages in the book are those which deal so to speak with the psychology of theology. They have something of the stirring quality of early Renaissance pictures. They would make a series: "Christ driving out the demons."

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SEEING *VERSUS* BELIEVING

Europe Under the Terror. By JOHN L. SPIVAK. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Left Wings Over Europe. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

These two books are particularly instructive when read together. In one, we have eye-witness accounts of Fascism in Poland, Austria, Germany and Italy by another of these thoroughly efficient, patient American journalists. In the other we have an analysis of Internationalism *v.* Fascism by one of the most distinguished and talented of English intellectuals. The latter has to his credit, in the *Apes of God*, some of the most striking passages in modern English fiction, and he has also written a very remarkable book of Shakespearean criticism. Now, to get down to brass tacks, one of the books I am reviewing is a good book, and one, quite simply, is bad. From the foregoing description you may guess which is which, and you will be wrong.

Mr. Lewis has generally been as cross as two sticks about something. When, judging from his latest work, he should have been exposing France and England for their savage and short-sighted treatment of Germany, in the 'twenties, he was principally engaged, instead, in larruping such people as D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, Bergson and the Nazi, Spengler. He attacked them, with some justification, for doing too much thinking with their stomachs, being anti-intellectual, pro-Blood and Earth. His fundamental reason, I fear, was that precisely those authors were then the fashion among the intelligentsia. Now that *Real-politik* is all the go, and the intelligentsia, naturally, are practically all Left-wing, Mr. Lewis, equally naturally, is Right-wing. One shouldn't forget that Mr. Lewis once wrote several numbers of a thick, sizzling magazine almost entirely by himself, and called it *The Enemy*. But the curious factor is, that whereas once it was abdominal writing that irked him, it is now abdominal ruling that he so rapturously admires. *Blut und Ehre, Blut und Boden.* They engrave it on the knives which Mr. Lewis, not being a German Socialist, will never have inserted into *him*. One cannot help feeling that Sherwood Anderson will be indulging in some very dark laughter indeed.

Mr. Spivak, on the other hand, has no theoretical fish to fry, and is content to present us with *reportage* of the best kind. (It is a pity that he chose the title that he did. It may put off some members of a public sated with such names, thereby depriving them of an excellent book.) The author is concerned with Fascism and Hunger: they have an affinity, he finds. To get his figures and facts, he displayed extraordinary courage, ingenuity and insubordination.

In Italy, he saw a silent struggle between Business and the restless workers. Business "cannot grant many more concessions and still be profitable. . . . No matter what the Government does, one side or the other will crack, and whichever goes first will pull the other down with it." He includes an entertaining conversation with Dr. Canova, an official at the Fiat works. It was roared against the sound of machinery. "The Beauty of Fascism," Canova began in a high voice, "is that there is no more discussion about things like that. The orders are handed down and that is all. That is the beauty of it!" "Weren't they restless when they got their repeated wage cuts?" He roared in high glee. "Yes! they were restless. But what could they do? That is the beauty of Fascism!" "Everybody's Fascist here now?" "Well, no." He shook his head with scholarly caution. "I would say that out of every five workers, two are for it, two are against, and one is indifferent. But those who are against don't dare to talk. They can go to the Union leaders, but the leaders are from the Fascist Party. Understand?" "Perfectly!" I roared, "I see the beauty of it!"

In Germany, he interviewed an American business man, necessarily unnamed, representative of an American business in a large German city. After leaving one room for another, which did not contain a dictaphone-telephone connected with the Gestapo (if you try to get at the dictaphone you break the telephone) his companion gave him, among other news, the foreign business men's estimate of the date of Mr. Lewis's Great War No. 2. "The estimates vary from the latter part of 1937 to the spring of 1938, but not later than 1939 under any circumstances." At the end of their talk, a Nazi official suddenly appeared. He had not come to arrest them, but simply to collect his month's graft. This is a fee which nearly all foreign firms in Germany pay for not being boycotted. The Nazi smiled reassuringly. "I have all the connections. It is official. Anything that troubles you will be straightened out immediately." The American got him down from one thousand to four hundred marks, and he left quite contented. "There," said my host, "goes the Government of Germany."

Mr. Spivak found several intelligent people who think that the Reichswehr's time may be coming. Appointments had been arranged in Paris with opponents of the regime, and he was to meet one of them in a Hamburg *lokal*. After three visits, he was beamingly accosted by a magnificently dressed S.A. officer, who had been sitting for some time at a nearby table, with a young lady. After a good deal of fencing, this turned out to be the appointment: the man was a local Communist leader. He explained the growing Left-wing organisation at present at work in Germany, and put the number of political prisoners at 200,000 in prison and 100,000 in concentration camps. Finally, he gave as his opinion that if the next war could be put off, the Army and the Hohenzollerns would probably take over in a year or two.

I see no reason to doubt the facts the writer has collected. He took, as I know very well, quite frightening risks in their collection. A man who can prove, with figures that he himself routed out in Italy, to the head of the Special Tribunal for the Defence of the State, Mussolini's chief gaoler, and prove it to his face, that Italy not only has strikes, but has them all the time, is not a man at liberty to cook his accounts. Nevertheless, "'No strikes' everyone interrupted, as though someone had touched a button. 'There are no strikes in Italy. They are forbidden by law . . .'"

Mr. Spivak's book is Left-wing because that is what happens to you if you are intelligent, observant, fair-minded, and go to Fascist countries. Duranty, Farson, Gunther were all objective, tough, non-political journalists, the top of their profession. They weren't Left-wing highbrows. Their job was to get at actuality, get at what's *going on*. And they all came back saying the same thing. What Mr. Spivak says. Mr. Lewis says the opposite.

The depths to which Mr. Lewis is prepared to descend in this far too hastily written, and therefore only occasionally readable, book in defence of abdominal government is well enough exemplified with one quotation only. ". . . but it is an undeniable fact that *democracy* is being practised in Germany at present, with surprising success. It was a pure parliamentary democracy that voted in—as nearly by the democratic vote as it is possible to get—and has periodically confirmed in power, the great patriot who is now the Dictator of the German Democracy." One reads this stuff, and then one remembers the fantastic jockeying at Neudeck, and in the Herrenklub, the frog-marching of the electorate, the terrorisation of opponents, the millions of marks contributed for propaganda by the industrialists of the Ruhr. . . . There are two ways, of course, that a really nice reviewer could deal with Mr. Lewis's statement. He could agree, or he could demur, adding, perhaps, a feathery, ironical rebuke. But is this quite the time to be nice to anyone, even a writer of Mr. Lewis's achievements, who permits himself to print such bosh? What he says is simply untrue, and because everybody knows it is untrue, it is also extremely boring.

Mr. Lewis not only contradicts everyone else, but himself as well. Here, he says the Russian army is the world's greatest menace—there, that they are so incompetent (Tchehov, etc.) that they'll bomb their allies by mistake. He begins by asserting, quite rightly, that Money Alone isn't the Hidden Hand, and ends by saying it is. He claims that the whole book is a plea for the decentralisation of political power (else Geneva, which is the Bolshies, will get us) and yet laments, on p. 58, the disintegration of the Empire. I have rarely read such an unpruned book.

When compressed, and few sub-editors would have enough blue pencils, it all comes down to a dislike of Internationalism, spiced with jibes about the personal appearance of Eden and Litvinov. (Two can play at that game, and I take pleasure in answering his "fashion-plate" Eden by telling him that, in my opinion, his favourite dictator has a figure like a hot-water bottle, a voice like a corncrake, and a face like a dirty plate.) A decade behind the times, like half the public, Mr. Lewis has woken up to the fact that Germany had a raw deal after the war. Unlike any of the public, he still believes in the Red Menace. On almost every page, he sneers at Litvinov's phrase, "Peace is indivisible," which is the most salutary political catchword of our time. He actually contends that if Geneva has her way, we shall all become the slaves of Stalin, the wretch who has beguiled France and England into an alliance to crush Germany. Never a word about the Czechs, of course, who really may be going to be crushed by the Poles, the Germans and the Hungarians. But the Czechs

are democrats. His great argument for the Fascist countries is that they are Have-Nots. Has no one explained this little conundrum to him? That colonies, economically, are all-my-eye-and-Lucy-Houston? That dictators want them for psychological, and not economic purposes? That Fascism itself makes Fascists poor? As for the philosophy of Mr. Lewis's political protegés, let us listen to the words of a sensible man, written in 1927. He is addressing what he calls the "Man-of-Action":

> I need go no further than the very practical and unsentimental fact or facts of my most vital interests as an artist. Those are ruined, I need only remind him, by his orgies of violence, and "action." It takes a long time without interruption to do anything worth doing in an art or science, and that (apart from the fact that it is a philosophy for brutes, and the most complete "morons" as he would call them, only) the accursed philosophy we are discussing denies us.

Now, that's something like. And it is by Mr. Wyndham Lewis.

BRIAN HOWARD

NEW NOVELS

The Rock Pool. By CYRIL CONNOLLY. *Obelisk Press.* 50 francs.
Tug-Boat. By ROGER VERCEL. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
Main Line West. By PAUL HORGAN. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
Faster! Faster! By E. M. DELAFIELD. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

In one of the vividest passages of his most readable book, Gosse describes how he used to accompany his father on long expeditions to the English seashore, and how, absorbed and delighted, he would spend hours observing the existence of its rock pools—the world of sea-anemones gently furling and unfurling their corolla of living petals, of small translucent shrimps, of minute brightly coloured fish that flickered to and fro among the canopies, flowing and expanding, of green and purple weed. Since that time, he adds in a characteristic footnote, the charm of English rock pools has almost entirely disappeared. A brutal machine age has destroyed their quietude: democracy, with its spade and bucket, has swept them bare: the marine microcosm is a pitiful mockery of its former self. A similar fate has overtaken the romantic Mediterranean refuge described by Mr. Cyril Connolly in his remarkably entertaining first novel. The boom-years made Trou-sur-Mer the place it was; the receding tide of prosperity left its inhabitants cut off from the real world, but still at liberty to conduct their affairs as it suited them best, free to enjoy the afternoon warmth of their miniature universe. To-day, extinction or the imprisonment of the jam-jar seems close at hand: *The Rock Pool* is becoming a shallow and stagnant puddle.

Mr. Connolly is its historian and poetic apologist. To say that *The Rock Pool* is the tale of a minor "artists' colony"—one of the many resorts, more or less identical, that sprang up along the shores of the Mediterranean between 1920 and 1930—and of a young Englishman who tumbles head over heels into the middle of a life that by training and temperament he is quite unfitted to understand, would give a very inadequate idea of the effect it produces. For *The Rock Pool* has only a remote and accidental connection with novels of the *South Wind* and *Extraordinary Women* type. In those books, cynicism and romanticism are independent, and the novelist's cynical attitude towards his characters is counterbalanced by a romantic appreciation of the landscape against which they move. Mr. Connolly's point of view is just the reverse; and the romantic interest of his novel is to be found among his characters themselves—and not in any virtues that he attributes to them, but in a certain integrity and vitality that he detects in their vices. Queer fish, gallantly navigating the waters of their fast-declining refuge—forlorn survivors of a period "when people could still keep out of politics, when a change of government did not recall them to their citizenship by a change of income," they command our sympathy like a dying primitive race:

> Even Juan-les-Pins (reflects the hero) seemed non-existent after the mysterious jungle atmosphere of Trou-sur-Mer; people there seemed to live an intense nocturnal secretive life, to be as shy of observation as an Indian reserve near a densely populated city. It had the tragic beauty of those communities that cannot survive in the world, the people there were like the Samoyeds or Marquesas islanders who simply ceased to breed after association with Western man. They resembled the Chleuhs of the Atlas, wild, gloomy, freedom-loving tribesmen whom the French hemmed in and starved into surrender. Theirs was the Bled Siba, the *pays de dissidence* where the hopelessness of the struggle was admitted with fatalism, yet where all fought on.

How different from the gentlemanly author of these reflections! If Edgar Naylor—Winchester and Oxford—strikes one as perhaps slightly less convincing than the regular inhabitants of Trou-sur-Mer, no doubt it is because in composing the portrait of a typical young Englishman, with modest private means and a dilettante appetite for art and life, Mr. Connolly has been inclined to hang too many unamiable traits on to the same peg. Yet, for the purposes of the story, Naylor makes an admirable foil to Rascasse, Toni, Lola, Tahiti and the rest. He is the victim of aesthetic spongers, lesbian adventuresses, swindling bar-keepers; but through every vicissitude—and, as the narrative proceeds, his vicissitudes grow more and more humiliating—he preserves a few rags of frayed gentlemanliness, just as a drowned man might be washed up, still wearing the remnants of a starched shirt-front and a black bow tie! And then, we are grateful to Edgar Naylor, because the contemplation of his personality is continually launching Mr. Connolly into some of his most savage and diverting satirical flights. Here, for instance, is his account of a conversation:

> Being told that they were both English, Naylor and Varna began those elaborate manoeuvres of introduction which are performed as carefully in that country by her inhabitants as by her dogs. The problem was how, while asking the fewest and least indiscreet questions, to find common ground on which to boast. Warily they tackled London, circling over Chelsea and Kensington as likely terrains. Suddenly Varna hazarded the B.B.C. as a potential milling-ground, asked him if he knew a chap called Haddock, and battle was decorously joined.
>
> "Why, of course I know Bill Haddock."
>
> "Then you must know Claygate—what fun!"
>
> "Yes, he's one of the directors!"
>
> "Have you ever broadcasted, Mr. Naylor?"
>
> "No, I've never actually been on the air myself, though most of my friends have."
>
> "Announcing?"
>
> "No, giving talks mostly!"
>
> "Oh, yes, Alec Waugh has told me all about the talks at the Gargoyle!" (check).
>
> "He's charming, isn't he, though I've always known his brother Evelyn better!" (discovered check).
>
> "I've just missed meeting him."
>
> "? ? ?" (and wins).
>
> "Well, we must have a chat about Bill Haddock one of these days," concluded Varna, now in full retreat towards the kitchen. . . .

Holiday or no holiday

It is not easy, when contemplating a holiday by the hills and the sea, to write as objectively as one could wish about *The Selected Works of Lenin*. Lenin wrote many of them in acute discomfort, often in cold and inhospitable places, and sometimes in a state of poverty equal to that in which Marx was forced to spend so much of his life. Not that he liked or welcomed physical ill-being any more than the next man: on the contrary, he devoted his life to spreading those truths whose ultimate realisation can alone make such evil impossible in the society of mankind.

He died in January 1924, worn out by a life of hardship and by an amount of work no two ordinary men could have achieved in twice his years. He was the supreme strategist of a revolution which has for ever altered the course of history; and he has been and still is an inspiration to millions of people the world over.

Lenin blew from the eyes of the working class that dust with which capitalist charity and the sanctity of capitalist enterprise had for more than a century liberally covered them. For that reason, as well as for his power of laying bare hypocrisy, Lenin's name is still a bogy to frighten the enemies of progress.

But bogy or no bogy, this "great and honest man," as Arnold Bennett called him, wrote history. He wrote what amounts to a day-to-day diary of the gestatory period of this modern world as well as an eye-witness account of its birth.

In this modern world, where no important action affecting the lives of men and women can take place without being in some way influenced by Lenin and by his teachings, a knowledge of his works is essential to those who profess an interest in their fellows and in the movement of history.

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ASHBURNERS

The Rock Pool is not a novel that I should recommend to critics who prefer, when they are perusing modern fiction, to meet only those characters whose smile and nod they could afford to recognise in real life. From the standpoint of such readers, it is an "unpleasant" book. Readers, on the other hand, who appreciate brilliant incisive writing, acute, and sometimes cruel, observation, coupled with a sense of poetry that is capable of extracting interest and significance from all that it touches, will find *The Rock Pool* both uncommonly diverting and a little disturbing. We have most of us a streak of Naylor in our spiritual make-up. Let us hope that our Connolly may never appear!

By comparison, the remaining novels seem rather tame. M. Roger Vercel has already had one book translated into English; and *Tug-Boat* deserves a wider and more popular success than it is likely to achieve. Renaud is the captain of a salvage-tug, stationed at Brest. He is devoted to his work, to his vessel that lies moored at the quayside, ready to start for the open sea all day every week of the year; and the greater part of the story is concerned with his efforts to rescue a Greek steamer, which rewards him with callous ingratitude when, after appalling difficulties, he has towed her back into the safe waters of the roadstead. M. Vercel has evidently made a close study of the novels of Joseph Conrad; but he has not studied them in vain, and the nautical passages—as distinct from the element of personal drama with which the story closes—are extraordinarily well done. *Main Line West* is a middling American novel. Mr. Paul Horgan has the advantage of the ordinary English novelist; for he is deeply impressed by the beauty, richness and variety of the American scene, and this preoccupation lends an added interest to his prose style. Here is the story of a travelling salesman who marries, and presently deserts, a girl from a middle-Western farm. His wife becomes infected with religious enthusiasm, and their little boy accompanies her on her revivalist expeditions through the remoter American cities. Finally, she is killed during the access of spy-fever that follows America's entry into the Great War. *Main Line West* is well written, but slightly ponderous. . . . In striking contrast to the transatlantic seriousness of *Main Line West* and the Gallic magnanimity of *Tug-Boat* is the mild astringency of Miss E. M. Delafield's *Faster! Faster!*—the portrait of a modern business woman who enjoys the sense that she is carrying a whole family on her flagging shoulders, in whom unselfishness is a peculiarly insidious form of egotism. It is a clever sketch of a throughly unpleasant woman, executed in an unemphatic and thoroughly pleasant way.

PETER QUENNELL

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THE GENTLE SAVAGE

The Gentle Savage. By RICHARD WYNDHAM. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

Here is the best travel-book I have read since *Beyond the Mexique Bay*, and it is a painter who has written it, Mr. Richard Wyndham. I knew that he was as brave as a lion, for I had seen drawings he made in the Red Light quarter of Marseilles, where heavyweight harridans use brute force to pick up, almost literally, the rash intruder and carry him, like beasts of prey, to their fetid dens. But I did not know that, as well as the enterprise to go to the heart of the Sudan, he had the energy to write a whole book about it, and the literary skill to make that book so entirely fascinating. Apparently the art of writing, like that of cooking, comes naturally to painters.

A lot of us must have wanted to go to the Dinka country after reading Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's poetic description of them. Mr. Wyndham went. And the photographs in his book are proof that these travellers' tales are true: they are some of the most successful photographs I know, of some of the loveliest human beings.

> Apart from essentials, the Nuer men and women are exactly alike. The men have the slender, softly moulded bodies of girls; the women the straight, narrow hips of youths. The men, although well over six feet, are not developed to that Sandow-Muller standard which we connect with the professional strong man, and it is only when they move, and every muscle comes into play, that you are conscious of a strength that is sheer beauty as compared with sheer force. They look as effeminate as an Early Greek Apollo—in fact, they look "queer," with their long blond hair, their bracelets and their beads. But they will fight a lion single-handed—the only purse being their favourite cow. . . . These savages lead an existence that is archaic: they have archaic minds, an archaic vision, and they have kept the torsos of archaic sculpture. Perhaps the statues of ancient Greece were in no way idealised. Maybe the swelling female hips and the he-man shoulders of to-day are only a legacy of the games and corsets of civilisation.

And they live in the care of administration which is "a supreme example of altruistic government, probably the only example that exists in the world to-day." Mr. Wyndham gives a satiric sketch of European life in Khartoum—he is as sophisticated and hard-boiled an observer as you could wish, but he writes with the warmest regard of the individual administrators he met. One portrait, "Jameson", is as good as any that Mr. Somerset Maugham has drawn in his stories. But Mr. Wyndham complains of the efforts made by the Sudan Government and the missionaries "to change a contented and noble animal into a dissatisfied, half-educated, dirtily clothed, class-conscious human being."

> Here, at last, was an opportunity to form the world's first Utopia; to allow this prehistoric race, which was physically beautiful and strong, to work out its destiny, safe from persecution, wars, famine and disease; this was the moment to determine whether civilisation must always be born of embittered memories; or whether it were possible to give to posterity a highly developed race that had known only kindness and beauty. But the Sudan Government seems to have entirely missed the point; for they assume that clothes and religion are the essential appendages of civilisation.

It seems to me that there is a lot to be said for this very "unprogressive" view. Education and machinery are all very fine, and the idealisation of the noble Savage is all very silly. But until we put our education and our machinery to better use, until, in fact, we have gained a wisdom and a happiness in some way commensurate with our power, and can show a way of life worthy of being lived, it is better to leave this African pattern undisturbed. Life in the Sudan may be less rich than in Cambridge: it is, however, better than in Hoxton or Glasgow.

Mr. Wyndham's book is varied, witty and extremely graphic. The landscape is seen with a painter's acuity. There are excellent accounts of dancing. Here is one of the many visions that linger in the memory. Mr. Wyndham was in one of the most out-of-the-way places in the whole Southern Sudan:

> Then the track suddenly emerged into a clearing of several acres. In the centre of the clearing stood a large church built of brick. . . . The building, in the Early English Gothic style, though it could hardly be termed a Cathedral, was the size of an exceptionally large parish church, and resembled one in every respect, except that there

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was no glass in the windows and the roof was of thatch. Looking through the main west portal, I could see, near the altar, an Englishwoman, paint-brush in hand, dressed in mauve muslin and wearing a large straw hat ornamented with artificial flowers. Two or three Zonde boys and some half-caste girls were polishing brass, and putting fresh candles into sconces. I went to look for the missionary. . . . He was a tall, gaunt man, tight-lipped, bald, and wearing pince-nez. I asked if I could see over the Mission. He was delighted. "But I'm afraid it must be but a cursory inspection, as we are in the throes of terminal examinations. Let's go and find the wife—she's painting us such an awfully jolly reredos." . . . The church had, indeed, been built entirely by the missionary and his wife, with the sole aid of their old Victorian text-book, entitled *How to Build a Church*.

I could quote page after page of *The Gentle Savage*, but I hope I have already shown that this is a book which is a continuous pleasure to read. RAYMOND MORTIMER

SIMPLE SIMON SUPERMAN

Lafayette, a Soldier of Liberty. By ANDREAS LATZKO, translated by E. W. DICKES. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

The author of this book is a still young Hungarian who seems to prefer German as a literary medium to Magyar; and I imagine he is more read outside his native country than in it. I first came across his work in a Dutch translation immediately after the war, and I notice that the present book was first published in French and Dutch last year and is now "translated into English from the German proofs and the French edition." This version gives a very fair notion of Latzko's lively, cultured and still idealistic mind, as may be judged from this passage arising from the story of Lafayette's rescue from prison at Olmutz by a grateful American whose baby cheek he had patted when in the heyday of his glory :

> Chance? Yes, just chance—for we have no other name for the goodwill and the malice of the all-powerful Director whose mood determines the marionette-dance of our earthly existence. But was not the whole of Lafayette's seventy-six years of life one long chain of circumstances like this, unforeseen and mocking all calculations? His own rich inheritance, the possessions of the wife he had married, all the real and personal estate of the family were swept away by the tornado of the Revolution, with the single exception of the sums squandered on the liberation of America! The shrewdest speculators were beggared, every prudent calculation was made mock of by the most disordered half century in European history. Only the money sacrificed, "written off," for the ideal of Liberty proved a safe capital investment and assured Lafayette an adequate pension in his last years.

Lafayette did not in life greatly resemble the first Duke of Wellington; but historically they have this in common that their apologists have done almost more than their detractors to render them ridiculous : the one as the chaste paladin of Liberty, the other as the ascetic champion of King and Country. The truth is that while Wellington was a storehouse of unimaginative business capacity, especially strong in the military department, and Lafayette an almost clownishly fantastic Quixote of Rousseauism, both were what Erasmus would have called *scortatores non ignavi*.

There are some men (the type has been artfully drawn by Alfred Capus) who injure their wives less by their passing infidelities than they benefit other less fortunate women by an hour of generous emotion; but these Juans and Lotharios, whose sinfulness is more humane than the saintliness of Jerome and Anthony, are rare birds and dangerous to emulate in borrowed plumes : from Prince Charming to common blackguard is but a side-step. Lafayette as squire of dames was not so much blackguardly as lubberly. For wife he had one of the noblest women in French history, whose loving and gentle soul must have been continually teased by his idiotic sexual adventures. She is a heroine of the story of Freedom in a truer sense than we can pretend that he was ever its hero. Yet his devotion to that cause from infancy to old age was, allowing for the limitations of his intellect, at once valiant and long-suffering. So much so that one sometimes wonders did the Marquess's vanity render him immune from physical and spiritual pain.

Latzko tells the hackneyed story of his career, going up like a rocket, but coming down like a balloon that refused to be exhausted until it bounced to bits, more vividly than it has ever been told with equal grasp of the facts. The opening of the book (and not only the opening) is a little too much in the Ludwig manner to please everyone; but one finds that the author possesses quite an honest quantity of genuinely assimilated information and is not content with the Ludovician art of flooding pages with tit-bits remembered in excitement. He never flagrantly sacrifices

accuracy to effective generalisation, though the paucity of dates and occasional bobbishness of style may lay him open to suspicion on this count. Some of the military details (as Englished) must not be taken literally. But it is in fine a good book of the kind that Major-Generals throw at the heads of persons whom they trust not to return their fire. It is melancholy to reflect that Washington, whom he so much admires, would almost certainly on reading his book have had the author shot.

CONAL O'RIORDAN

"THE SPLENDOUR FALLS . . ."

The English Castle. By HUGH BRAUN. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

"It would probably be no exaggeration to suggest that, for every thousand visitors to the great cathedrals and abbey churches of this country, there is but one person who would stop the engine of his motor car that he might stroll through the ruins of a castle." Mr. Braun makes this suggestion near the beginning of his book and I think the exaggeration is his. He forgets that the innate antiquarianism which makes an Englishman put Tudor beams on his house and Tudor panelling in his office, which causes him to reverence anything ancient however scanty and dull, is pretty certain to make him stop the engine of his motor car outside a ruined castle—if he is the cathedral-visiting type. Messrs. Batsford, I am sure, were well aware of this weakness when they included in their *British Heritage Series* a book on *The English Castle*, the most battered heritage of all.

There are two views which can be taken about this book. You can either consider it as a collection of photographs with some text put in on very thick paper to fill it out, or you can take it as a short history of British military architecture with some photographs put in to make it sell.

It is only fair to Mr. Braun to take the second of these views first. He has had to compress into 115 pages the whole story of the English castle. His sources of information are highly technical. There are few books on castles, and these are written in the special language reserved for military history. This he has had to translate. There are many castles which he is bound to leave unmentioned, and this will annoy some reviewers, though the public may be none the wiser.

He has had all these disadvantages and it is impossible to criticise him except in the method of presentation of his subject. Here, I think, he makes the mistake of spending too many pages in explaining how castles developed. More diagrams and plans would have served this purpose better. But it may even be unfair to criticise him here. He may have been forbidden more diagrams and plans because they are not popular in a popular book. The early chapter on castles of earth is a little sketchy. Some archaeologists will quarrel with him for saying that the first fortifications in this country were about 2000 B.C., even though he is cautious enough to interpolate the words "very approximately."

Mr. Braun is at his best when describing the castles of the Norman Barons, the life inside them and the war engines. It is amusing to hear that Rochester Castle had to give in in 1108 "solely owing to absence of sanitary arrangements" and that the garrison at Orford in Henry II's reign lived on bread, pork, beans, cheese and eels. Mr. Braun's enthusiastic way of writing, his anti-Puritan prejudice and his skilful selection of what must have been an overwhelming array of facts help the text along. All the same, I should have preferred a single chapter on the development of the castle from the earthwork to the motte and bailey and thence to the stone towers of the barons down to the thin splendour of Herstmonceux and Raglan rather than detailed chapters full of citations of examples with the inevitable over-employment of the adjectives "fine" and "interesting." Then I should like to have seen a long chapter on castle life and on siege engines. The conclusion should have been a more exhaustive list of castles divided into types and dated wherever possible. Such a list would have doubled the present index.

As a collection of photographs with merely incidental text, the book, I expect, fulfils its purpose. The illustrations are straightforward and some idea of them is conveyed by the captions, "cloud-capped towers," "finely situated on the banks of the Wye," "on its large Norman Mound," "an effective little Norman Keep," "beautifully situated," "now a stately Ruin among Meadows," "to-day peacefully situated among Woods." Indeed,

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the captions are self-evident, for you have only to look at the photographs to see that they are telling no lies. The general effect is of bold and beautiful walls in varying stages of decay. In these days of rockeries, the effect is all that could be desired. But certain castles stand out unforgettably and I have never seen better views of them—Restormel, Goodrich, Hedingham, Dover, Caernarvon, Chepstow, Longtown, Thetford and Castle Rising.

JOHN BETJEMAN

THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND

1936 . . . on the Continent. Edited by EUGENE FODOR. *Aldor.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

The nations of Europe may be compared to a bunch of cats who are engaged in hissing and spitting at each other and in tormenting mice, and who suddenly leave off in order to rub against a well-beloved trouser-leg. That trouser-leg is the tourist's, that tourist will be you or me. 1936 . . . *on the Continent*, which contains a thousand pages of information, supplied for each country by a different authority, is one long purr. There are two indispensable books to anybody going abroad this year. One is *Guide Michelin pour la France*, the most efficient of all guide-books, and the only one able completely to satisfy the peristaltic cycle of appetite and indigestion, of desire and performance. It makes as good reading in planning a trip as in paying for it, and the names of the twenty-odd three-star restaurants canonised for this year should be familiar in every kindergarten. The other is *Europa Touring* (Berne) the only guide to include really good maps of the *whole* of Europe with plenty of information. But I think 1936 . . . *on the Continent* can be added to the list, for it attempts to be really up to date and also to furnish facts about food, drink, manners, expenses, restaurants, cabarets, cafés, and night-life generally, which are not given in the other guide-books. The articles vary very much in scope and accuracy. That on Belgium omits the *Filet de Sole* and the *Épaule de Mouton* from the list of Brussels restaurants. Those on France, particularly on Paris and the Riviera, are first rate, but the writer omits *Casanova*, the *Bal Tabarin* and *Maxim's* from his list of nightboxes, though they are the gayest at present, and his Paris restaurants are also weak. The Italian guide is witty and sensible, the Spanish one superficial and flippant, the Polish fascinating, the German and Swedish solid, the Austrian and Russian good, the Hungarian brilliant. All are careful to avoid politics, which weigh all the more heavily on the visitor to Austria, for instance, for the silence about them. The German's idea of the perfect tourist is the retired business man; smaller countries are inclined to address their appeal to the ladies.

After reading this book, where shall we go? If we are part of the colony of nine million madmen who call themselves Londoners, and live for ten months of the year on asphalt and soot, rising by artificial light and spending the rest of the day sitting in a large four-walled box, on a chair, we shall presumably want, above everything, to get somewhere where we can be conscious of the season, lying in the sun or the sea encircled by the enormous summer, and the more cynical of us will be driven south to make sure of fine weather. For us there is Spain, with its cheapness, dull food, and political unrest; Portugal with its Bournemouth seaside architecture and the Atlantic which is never warm enough; the South of France (perfect, but so expensive); Venice, even more expensive; Dalmatia, where one can only walk sideways; or Greece, so hot, and so ill-adapted for the heat. It seems as if those who like a climate more temperate than the Mediterranean will win, for theirs is a zone in which lie many cheap countries; Germany, with registered marks, the cheapest of all, and curiously enough one in which the ordinary traveller experiences no sensation of the presence of poverty or oppression; Hungary, where Buda Pest has almost enough bubbling open-air mineral baths to cure one of the inevitable indigestion (but the Balaton is too shallow); Czechoslovakia, a good NEW STATESMAN AND NATION country (though I prefer the nobler, stupider, Hungary) and, lastly, Poland and Roumania. The chapter on Poland, with its accounts of the country houses where one may so easily stay and where "a replica of English country life at the beginning of the nineteenth century can be seen—leisurely, generous and self-contained," is very appetising. Poland has also the most varied fauna of Europe, elk, lynx, bear, beaver, wolf, boar, and bison among it, and the most primitive forests. They found, by aeroplane, a village in the marshes of Polesie that had never heard of the war—and there is the Bialowieza forest:

> It looks big and awesome, dark and mysterious. There is a strange feeling of some powerful presence when one looks round from the crown of a hill to see trees, big old trees, for as many miles as the eye can reach. And there are more trees beyond the horizon. Part of the forest is kept as a national reservation and it looks wild and primitive, for no trees have been cut down there from time immemorial, and as they reach the limit of their age they fall and lie rotting untouched by human hand.

It reads like a description of the American wilderness in the time of Pocahontas, and in a country where the life described by Tolstoy, Turgenev and Tchehov still goes on.

Roumania is another new vast cheap country, also famous for a gay capital and good food, and possessing as well as the Carpathians and the Danube from the Iron Gates to the pelican-haunted Delta, some coast resorts on the Black Sea. The sea is shallow and full of fresh water; the steppes of the Dobrudja, with their Tartar nomads, and well-calculated sunsets, lend a romantic melancholy to the gaieties of Constanza and Balcic. And can anyone tell me about Mesemvria, the Bulgarian Mount-Athos?

For those who do not mind a chill in the air from the very beginning of summer, there are Sweden and Finland, and the extraordinary motor road through the Arctic circle to Petsamo. But wherever we choose to go, I think we should go quickly, for already the longest day is here, and even the blandest guide book cannot conceal the fact that something is not as it should be. Indeed, after reading 1936 . . . *on the Continent* and being dazed with the list of our continent's amenities, its beaches and museums, mountains, vineyards, and spas, its network of railway systems, roads, air-ways, its attempts to settle the problem of tipping, its anxiety to secure as many tourists as possible—an anxiety which even Turkey has the presumption to affect to share—after reading all this is seems inconceivable that we should be about to destroy it; that in a year or so we shall all probably have to scuttle or be scuttled; that the tourist who visits Europe in 1936 should be reminded of those gala cricket-matches of our youth, when white figures ran about on impossibly green lawns or idled in the yellow air of marquees to the strains of military bands, and ignored the approach, over the playing fields, of one of old Nobodaddy's cloudbursts.

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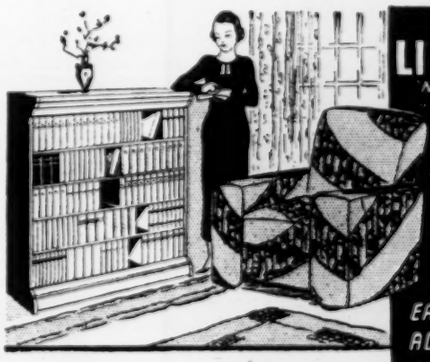

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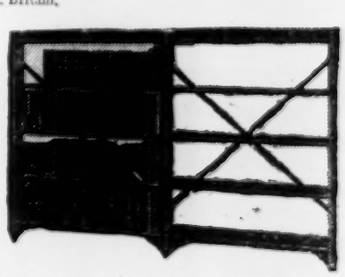

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SHORTER NOTICES

Monetary Policy and Crises: A Study of Swedish Experience. By BRINLEY THOMAS, M.A., Ph.D. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.

The ordinary reader who goes to Dr. Thomas's book for a study of Sweden's economic policy since the war, and especially under the Socialist Government which has been in office since 1932, but has just tendered its resignation, will find himself in for a good deal more than he will probably have bargained for at the outset. The direct information about Swedish economic policy is indeed contained in the book; but the reader will not arrive at it until he has read about two-thirds of the whole. Most of this longer section is occupied with a careful and even elaborate study of the monetary policies which have been advocated by certain leading Swedish economists in recent years and to some extent acted upon, especially under the Socialist Government. Dr. Thomas provides a review of the monetary doctrines of such economists as Cassel, Wicksell, Davidson, Heckscher and Myrdal, and brings out their relationship to Wicksell's theory of the dominant role played by the deviations of the market rates of interest from the "natural" rates. The later Swedish economists have, he points out, been concerned largely with applying Wicksell's doctrine to the problem of cyclican fluctuations in economic activity—a problem which Wicksell himself considered hardly at all, except perhaps in his latest work. This treatment of monetary theory by the Swedish economists of the post-war period throws a good deal of light upon the development of "conjecture" theory in the hands of such British economists as Mr. Keynes; and Dr. Thomas's study of it should appeal strongly to professional economists and students of monetary theory in this country. The ordinary reader, however, is likely to find much of it somewhat bewildering, though the exposition of actual Swedish policy in the concluding chapters is clear enough. Perhaps Dr. Thomas will go on to supplement this somewhat technical study with a non-technical account of the economic policies pursued by the various Scandinavian Governments since 1929. Such an account is badly needed; for Scandinavia has been on the whole extremely successful in combating the economic depression—Sweden most of all—and Dr. Thomas's final chapters show that he is fully capable of doing justice to the remarkable, though limited, economic achievements of moderate Socialism in north-western Europe.

Storm Along. By CAPTAIN JOHN RICHARD MURPHY. *Blackie.* 7s. 6d.

In a series of lively chapters Captain Murphy tells us of his seafaring during forty-seven years of service, and when the reader closes the book there will be little in the life of a seaman afloat that he will have missed. Captain Murphy has a naturally racy style, an eye for a character, and a fund of apt stories. The hardness of a seaman's life as he describes it would lead us to condole with him, were there not so cheerful a note in the descriptions that we are compelled to believe that he has enjoyed the whole forty-seven years; and that there is some magic in the sea that bewitches all seafarers so that they embrace danger, revel in discomfort, and feel most at home when they are all at sea.

Patriot Adventurer: Extracts from the Memoirs and Journals of Theobald Wolfe Tone. By DENIS IRELAND. *Rich and Cowan.* 6s.

Mr. Ireland is to be congratulated on this pleasant little study of Wolfe Tone and on the skill with which he has woven his selected extracts into a narrative as lively as it is biographically descriptive. Mr. Ireland tells us in a foreword that the editor of one edition of the Journals stated that he had confined himself to extracts dealing with Tone's relations with the French Government and had left out the "flippant and uninteresting matter, only calculated to meet the eye of Mrs. Tone." Mr. Ireland's method is the precise reverse of this. The result is that while we are kept continuously aware of Tone's political activities, what we are mainly concerned with is the man's native vivacity, the gaiety of his wit, the liveliness of his thought, the shrewdness of his observation, and his happy gift for swift narrative.

Evolution and Heredity: Theories and Problems. By CHARLES WALKER, D.Sc. *Black.* 6s.

The composer of differences between rival schools of scientific thought is always in danger of being treated as they are who interfere in the quarrels of man and wife; and Professor Walker will be lucky if he escapes the wrath of Neo-Darwinians and Neo-Mendelians, to say nothing of the Fundamentalists and Spiritualists who batten on that eternal quarrel. However, happily, there are still those who seek the truth only, and to them, be they biologists or laymen, this admirable analytic survey of the theories and problems of heredity that have been formulated during the present century will make a sharp appeal. The layman especially, distracted by the din of dogmatic controversy, will find the cool air of Professor Walker's argument very refreshing; and his final conclusion that "Darwin's Theory of Natural Selection is affected by Mendel's discovery only to its advantage" fully justified by the garnered facts.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THERE is a good deal to be said for luscious, eclectic music, if it is sufficiently well done and one happens to be in the mood for that kind of thing. Thus it seems to me that a strawberry mess like Turina's *Rapsodia Sinfonica*, with its clever synthesis of Spanish idioms and German method of treatment, is not to be despised—at moments when one is feeling like a strawberry mess. In any case, this recording of it is superlatively good: Eileen Joyce is in her usual form, and the orchestra, under Clarence Raybould, plays up to her (Parl. E11299). I feel much less certain of the appeal of Dvořák's *Violin Concerto*, though it is wonderfully played by Yehudi Menuhin and the orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, under Georges Enesco (H.M.V. DB2838–41). This work seems to me one of the composer's failures. All his well-known characteristics are present, but the themes are uninspired and the whole thing gives an impression of wasted effort. At the same time, I feel sure some people will like the work a good deal, so don't pass it by without a trial. Stokovski's latest Bach transcription, the aria "*Es ist vollbracht*" from the *St. John Passion*, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and conducted by the transcriber (H.M.V. DB2762), is definitely a success. The orchestration is much less tempestuous than that of the earlier Bach-Stokovski efforts, and the use of the wood-wind is particularly beautiful. A lovely record and one to keep. The most "important" recording of the month is that of Vaughan-Williams's *A London Symphony*, played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood (Decca X114–8). Music-lovers must for some time have been feeling the need of a new recording of this superbly poetical symphony, which is packed with surprising beauties from beginning to end. The slow movement seems to me to be taken rather too fast, not enough weight being allowed to the dreamy triplet passage which is a distinctive feature of the movement. On the other hand, the climax of the finale is a magnificent piece of recording, perfectly clear in tone in spite of the great volume of sound.

I have always thought *Un Ballo in Maschera* one of Verdi's best operas, and it is a real joy to possess an adequate record of the exquisite *Aria of Amelia* in Act II. The eerie emotional quality of the music, which is full of those long, soaring phrases

BRITISH GEOLOGY

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Volumes previously published include "London and the Thames Valley," "The Wealden District," "The Grampian Highlands." 1s. 6d. each (1s. 8d.). Each volume is illustrated.

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The second volume of the Ancient Monuments of England by the Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby Gore, M.P., describes outstanding historical remains south of the Thames which are in the charge of the Commissioners of Works. 1s. (1s. 3d.). The first volume published last year dealt with the Monuments of Northern England. 1s. (1s. 2d.).

Each volume is illustrated and has a sketch map. Vol. III, "The Midlands," in preparation.

STATISTICAL ABSTRACT

The Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom for each of the years 1913 and 1921 to 1934. Cmd. 5144. 6s. 6d. (7s.).

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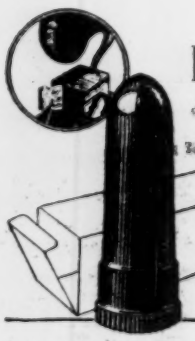
Verdi was such a master at inventing, does not fail of its effect even when coupled with the ridiculous stage action, in which a dumpy prima donna, tightly secured in black sequins, staggers round a snow-covered heath with that series of curious ducking rushes which is the operatic convention for the expression of agony of mind, while a cascade of pearls flaps up and down on her shelf-like chest. But *de mortuis*, however; for poor Meta Seinemeyer, who made this excellent record, with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra (Parl. E11300), died some years ago and did not look at all like that. There are two more Flagstad records this month: "*Dich, teure Halle!*" (*Tannhäuser*) and *Elsa's Dream* (*Lohengrin*) (H.M.V. DB2748), and *Elizabeth's Prayer* (*Tannhäuser*) (H.M.V. DB2747), both with orchestral accompaniment. The even, unemotional quality of Mme. Flagstad's voice is most impressive in the opera house, but I do not find that it records very well; the effect, in the long run, is monotonous and faintly irritating, especially when, as in the case of *Elizabeth's Prayer*, the music itself is so exceedingly dull. "*Dich, teure Halle!*" seems the most successful of these excerpts. I cannot strongly recommend the new recording of the *Trio* and *Finale* from Act III of *Der Rosenkavalier*, sung by Tiana Lemnitz, Viorica Ursuleac and Erna Berger, with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Clemens Krauss (Decca CA8238). The singing is good enough, though one misses Lotte Lehmann, but the orchestra does not come through well and the voices are a bit shrill. The final duet is the most satisfactory in performance, but it is tiresomely cut at the most exquisite moment. Johann Strauss gets a better chance in the hands of Koloman von Pataky, who gives a suitably sultry rendering of "*Sei mir gegrüsst*" (*A Night in Venice*) and "*Trinke Liebchen, trinke*" (*Fledermaus*), (Parl. R2205). I think this should be a popular record. Elisabeth Schumann, whose voice is beginning, alas! to show signs of wear, gives us four little songs by Brahms: *Nachtigall*, *Der Jäger*, *Wiegenlied* and *Vergebliches Ständchen* (H.M.V. DA1417). The record should, however, be bought by all lovers of good *lieder* singing. Before leaving the subject of vocal records, I should like to mention an interesting record of some ancient Greek music—the *First Delphic Hymn*, *Epitaph of Sikilos*, and *Hymn to Kalliopeia*—sung (unacc.) by J. E. Butt, and published at 4*s*. 6*d*. by the Educational and General Services, 37, Golden Square, W.1. This is of considerable antiquarian interest.

To those who, like myself, harbour a debased passion for *valses de concert*, I recommend Moritz Rosenthal's *Carneval de Vienne on Themes by Johann Strauss*, played by the composer in the delicately brilliant style for which he is famous (H.M.V. DB2836). The wealth of decoration, unfortunately, obscures the characteristic lilt of the Viennese waltz, but it has its own tinsel fascination.

Dance Music. Those who wish to indulge memories of what Mr. G. M. Young calls "The Dirty Twenties" will certainly want the new recording of *Ol' Man River* and *Make Believe* (H.M.V. BD5066). Then I thought Lew Stone's version of *These Foolish Things* the best I had heard, while *Dream Time*, on the reverse, is not a bad tune (Decca F5971). *Yours truly is truly yours*, played by Ted Fio Rito and his band (Decca F5914) is very good for day-dreaming purposes, and so is Bing Crosby's version of *Lovely Lady* (Br.02179). *Lost*, sung by Benny Fields with band (Br.02193), belongs in the same category, though it is less good. *A Gentleman's Gentleman*, of which Lew Stone's recording (Decca F5960) seems to me the best, will surprise some and disappoint others; it is a touching story, anyway, though I am not sure about the tune. *Rise 'n Shine*, played by Roy Fox and band (H.M.V. BD5069) is first rate for rhythm and gaiety, while the latest Duke Ellington record, *No greater love* and *Isn't Love the Strangest Thing* (Br.02194), lives up to his great reputation, at least in the matter of performance.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST



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Week-end Competitions

No. 327

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 26th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 325

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the names and addresses of six imaginary houses, together with house-agents' descriptions of same.

Report to Sylvia Lynd

In setting this competition, I did not think it necessary to mention that I meant the entries to be written in house-agents' English and that I meant them to be funny. Some of the competitors have fulfilled one condition, some the other and some neither. With scissors and paste, however, from those that remain, I have been able to put together a column of advertisements which will make the Business Manager of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION envious.

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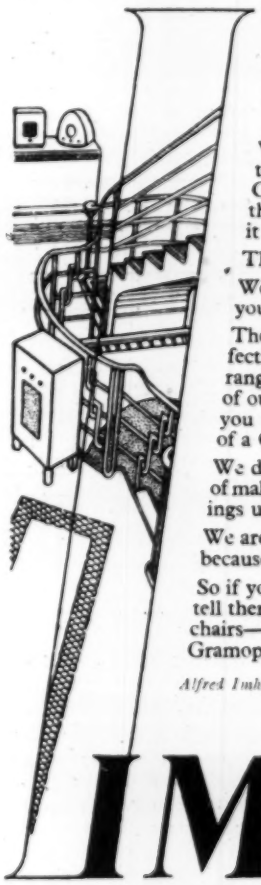

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 182.—ELECTING THE COMMITTEE

"It seems absurd," said Boggins, "that we're only able to vote for such a small proportion of the candidates."

"Oh, I don't know," said Hoggins. "After all, there's no limit to the number of candidates. Anyone who wants to can stand. What is absurd is the rule by which each of us has only half as many votes as there are vacancies to be filled."

"Yes," said Boggins. "That is absurd, I agree. However thinly one spreads the butter—"

"Excuse me," I broke in, "This sounds extremely interesting. How is the Committee elected, if you please?"

"Why," said Boggins, "it's a complicated plan—designed really, to thwart the activities of caucuses. Each of us, as I mentioned just now, has half as many votes as there are vacancies. Those votes he can use as he likes. He can give one to each of so many candidates, or all the votes to one candidate, or adopt any other numerical distribution of his votes. As Hoggins here will tell you, the number of ways in which he can distribute his votes, numerically, is actually one greater, this year, than the number of candidates—and very nearly four times as great as the number of vacancies. So, you see, there are plenty of options."

"And how large is the Committee?"

"One-third of the Committee," said Hoggins, "comes up for election annually. So you can work that out for yourself."

How large is the Committee?

PROBLEM 180.—THE LEAGUE OF TRADESMEN

The Plumbers beat the Painters by 3–1, the "League Table" being as follows:

	F	G	Pl	Pa	B	U	Goals F	Goals A	Pts.
Fishmongers.	—	3–0	4–1	1–1	1–0	0–8	9	10	7
Grocers	0–3	—	1–0	1–1	1–1	1–0	4	5	6
Plumbers ..	1–4	0–1	—	3–1	1–0	1–1	6	7	5
Painters	1–1	1–1	1–3	—	1–1	1–0	5	6	5
Butchers	0–1	1–1	0–1	1–1	—	1–0	3	4	4
Undertakers .	8–0	0–1	1–1	0–1	0–1	—	9	4	3

One or two solvers object to the phrase "and each of these two teams had another drawn match" which is, they argue, not wholly free from ambiguity. As, however, I have already received about two hundred correct solutions, it can be taken that the wording of Mr. Naisby is not seriously open to criticism.

PROBLEM 179.—A. JZKA'S

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: D. J. T. Lusk, Balliol College, Oxford.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Th.

ALHAMBRA, Russian Ballet. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Sat.

LYRIC. Kind Lady. Wed., Thurs.

MERCURY. Helen Howe. Sats., 2.45.

PHOENIX. "To-night at 8.30." Thurs.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Love from a Stranger. W. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Winter Sunshine. Wed., Thurs.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

SHAFTESBURY. Boy Meets Girl. W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. W., Th., 2.30. LAST WEEK.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
SEEN BY OVER 650,000 PLAYGOERS.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. Whi. 2525.
EVGS. at 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., at 2.30.
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.
Creations of MICHEL FOKINE personally directed.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES. By Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

CHANTICLEER THEATRE (late Webber-Douglas), Clareville St., S.W.7. Kens. 0289.
CHANTICLEER CO., "THISTLEDOWN,"
from the Swedish by Selma Lagerlof. Adapted by Susan Richmond. Thurs., June 18, to Sat., 27. 8.30. Mats., 20 & 27, 2.30. Adm., 5s., 4s., 2s. 6d.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
IVOR NOVELLO'S
ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY,
GLAMOROUS NIGHT.
Popular Prices, 2s. to 8s. 9d. inc. Tax.

GARRICK. (Tem. 8713.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
SARA ALLGOOD. ROGER LIVESEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. (Last Week). Ger. 3272.
EVGS. at 8.15. Mat., SAT., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
KIND LADY
with ROBERT DOUGLAS.

MERCURY, Ladbroke Rd., W.11. Park 1000.
NIGHTLY, at 8.45. MATS., SATS., 2.45.
HELEN HOWE.
CHARACTERS and CARICATURES.

PHOENIX. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Thurs., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
This SATURDAY, 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ROYALTY. Ger. 7331. All Seats Bookable.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
WINTER SUNSHINE.
NICHOLAS HANNEN. ATHENE SEYLER.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thur. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
ESME PERCY. CLIFFORD BARTLETT.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
BOY MEETS GIRL.
New Comedy by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
Farce by Vernon Sylvaine. Staged by Leslie Henson.

VAUDEVILLE. (Temple Bar 4871.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. and THURS., 2.30.
GREEN WATERS.
Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind, Morland Graham, Wilfrid Walter, Marie Ault, Henry Hepworth.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. (Vic. 0283). 8/6 to 1/6.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
THE EMPEROR OF MAKE-BELIEVE.
By Madge Pemberton & Malcolm Morley.
HELENA PICKARD. ERNEST THESIGER.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
Last 4 Days, "DIE EWIGE MASKE" (A).
A striking study in psycho-analysis.
Com. June 24, "*JANOSIK*" (A),
Czechoslovakia's Robin Hood.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
2 Films of Lubitsch. Mon., June 22, for 3 days, Jeanette MacDonald & Jack Buchanan in *MONTE CARLO* (A). Thurs., June 25, for 4 days, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall & Miriam Hopkins in *TROUBLE IN PARADISE* (A).

PALACE THEATRE, W.1. Ger. 6834.
3 Shows Daily, 2.30, 5.30, 8.30. Suns. at 6.0 & 8.30.
HANS FEHER in
"THE ROBBER SYMPHONY." (U).
The first 'Composed' film. Seats from 1s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS

R.A.F. DISPLAY, Hendon.
Noon, Sat., June 27.
Boxes for 6, £4, £5, £7, Enclosures 10s., 5s., and 2s., reserved seats extra. Cars 10s. and 5s.
From AGENCIES and R.A.F. DISPLAY, HENDON.

RUDOLF STEINER HALL, THE LAND.
Notable dramatic production of Victoria Sackville West's great epic, with Ballet, June 27th, 3 p.m., and 29th, 8 p.m. Reserved Seats, 6s. and 3s. 6d.. The Poetry Society, 36 Russell Square, W.C.1.

ART EXHIBITION

INTERNATIONAL SURREALIST
EXBN., New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Hours: 10–5 (inc. Sats.). Adm. 1/3. PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, OBJECTS, LECTURES.

RESTAURANTS

DON'T libel English cooking. Lunch, Dinner and late Supper at RULES of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Licensed till midnight. Estd. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
World Premiere of **The Rabbit Roared.**
By J. E. Sewell and Ernest Woods.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.30.
The Voysey Inheritance.
By Granville Barker.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

MISCELLANEOUS

BOYS and Girls will enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

SUFFERERS from Psoriasis, Pruritis, Eczema, write for full particulars. TRUEMAN, 80 London Road, Tunbridge Wells.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE. Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. Consultations and Library. Open Mondays 7–9 p.m. Programme sent on request.

RECONDITIONED and guaranteed Radio sets and Radio-gramophones of the best makers, offered at bargain prices. Telephone HAMPSTEAD 6633.

ACTIVE HEALTHY CHILDREN demand the right outlet for their energies. They will naturally climb and it is a splendid all-round exercise; let them climb in complete safety on an ABBATT CLIMBING FRAME. Write for catalogue N.S., or call to see toys for the garden at PAUL & MARJORIE ABBATT, 29 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. MUSeum 6768.

FURNITURE (DIVANS COMPLETE, from 35s.) FABRICS, ETC. We are open till 8 every night (ex Thurs.) and Saturday till 9, so you can get West End Service in spite of a 9–6 job. COX AND PINNEY, 312 King's Road, Chelsea. FLA 9970.

YOU CAN POSSESS A REAL PEARL NECKLET FOR £2.
WE offer a real cultured pearl necklet, grown in the Oyster, length 17½ inches, with jewel clasp attached, for £2; usual price £5. Also drop or single pearl earrings and gents' studs from £1 per pair. Money willingly refunded if not approved. THE KOBE PEARL FISHERIES, Dept. N.S., 14 Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

DO you remember that delightful SMOKERS' TOOTH POWDER you used when you were at Oxford? Why not use it again? 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 9s., post free. DRUCE AND CO., Oxford.

CHINA TEA for health's sake! Drink Davison Newman and Co.'s Old-fashioned China Tea. Fine flavour, delicious, satisfying. Nothing to harm the most delicate constitution. 3s. 6d. per lb. (post 6d.); 5 lb. carriage paid. Write for Free Sample and full particulars to 14 Creechurch Lane, London, E.C.3.

MACKIE'S PETTICOAT TAIL SHORTBREAD is an old favourite in a new make-up.
In thin sugared segments this time.
A most delightful tea-time biscuit.
Per tin, by post, 3s.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

PERSONAL

WILL Irene Hunt (address lost) please 'phone Flax 3974 any day before 10 a.m. *re* recent correspondence.

SEVEN people want four others to come for adventurous holiday in Switzerland. Good food. Staying hotels; youth hostels; mountain huts. Inclusive cost £12 for 15 days. Write GREEN, 163 Green Lanes, N.16.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

NEAR Cherbourg. Professeur agrégé has vacancy for several boys and girls (14–18), July to September. Lessons if desired. Bathing. Box 228, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SUN BATHING, Nudist Lines, both sexes. Lovely country Sun Park, outskirts London. Also Central London Indoor Club-Solarium. Ultra-violet insolation. Congenial Society, Exercises, Badminton, Socials. Box 34, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

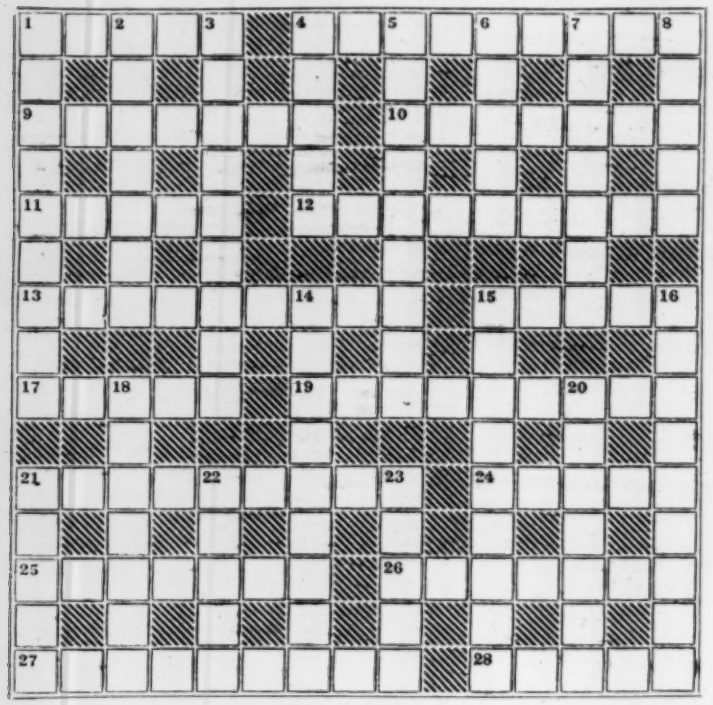
LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Reg. 5983), 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 328

ACROSS

1. The stick to encourage a cricketer to carry his bat.
4. Condition to make cook poach.
9. What the athlete would do if he lapped too much.
10. Fifty poisonous snakes.
11. Do those in London live at Holland Park?



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
R. W. Buckley, 6 Roseneath Avenue, N.21

12. It would presumably have to go in reverse up a gradient.
13. Bus conductor's recipe for dry cargo.
15. Its inmates, though female, have an exclusively male rule.
17. Part of a band seen in Savernake recently.
19. The square peg could not take part in this revolution.
21. Such vegetables have not been allowed to get case hardened.
24. Gives stationary directions for one's bags.
25. Suitable cocktail for an early rifleman.
26. Makes the car go, so to speak, without friction.
27. Lines of material for bows.
28. A manly associate episcopally speaking.

DOWN

1. She prefers to sit.
2. Art lent for spiritual benefit.
3. Polish film actress?
4. It is no punishment to a chair for its seat to be.
5. Of course it has a damping effect.
6. Tells whether one has given a true account of one's dealings.
7. Re piano, turn it out of the house.
8. Place for the West Pole if there were one.
14. Lances, so to speak, may be needed to disperse such a crowd.
15. Misfortunes which 12 may 9.
16. Central anatomic description of heard for example.
18. "O weel may the ——, the ——, the ——."
20. A raid on a disorderly public-house.
21. Sticky description of an ivory setting.
22. Never present during the Silence.
23. Questionably they are never fewer than two.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	I	A	N	O	F	O	R	T	E	■	S	C	O	T
R	■	B	■	S	■	E	■	U	■	B	■	L	■	R
U	N	S	A	T	E	D	■	S	E	A	S	I	D	E
D	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	S	■	L	■	N	■	E
I	M	A	R	I	■	M	O	O	N	L	I	G	H	T
S	■	I	■	C	■	I	■	C	■	R	■	■	■	O
H	U	N	C	H	B	A	C	K	■	O	W	N	U	P
■	■	E	■	F	■	■	■	■	■	O	■	O	■	■
P	U	R	S	E	■	P	O	S	T	M	A	R	K	S
A	■	■	■	A	■	R	■	A	■	D	■	T	■	I
N	I	G	H	T	B	E	L	L	■	A	C	H	E	S
A	■	A	■	H	■	S	■	T	■	N	■	P	■	T
C	O	L	L	E	G	E	■	E	N	C	L	O	S	E
E	■	E	■	R	■	N	■	R	■	E	■	L	■	R
A	N	N	A	■	S	T	O	N	E	S	T	E	P	S

£150,000 urgently required

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much needed extensions :—

(1) EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE
The Royal Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.

(2) ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS
The Royal Cancer Hospital was built in 1851. Many of the Wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernised.

(3) NURSES' HOME
A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing Staff.

Without these necessary and too long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

Will you please send a Gift to the Earl of Granard?

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD - - LONDON, S.W.3

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West Dlandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE JOINT AGENCY FOR WOMEN TEACHERS.
The official agency of the Headmistresses' Association, Association of Assistant Mistresses, Welsh Secondary Schools Association, and the Association of Headmistresses of Recognised Private Schools.
Apply to Miss K. B. Anderson, M.A., Registrar, 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Tel.: Museum 0656—9.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The COUNCIL invites applications for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Classics.
Commencing salary £400, increasing to £500 per annum. The appointment will date from October 1, 1936.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before *Wednesday, June* 24, 1936.
EDWIN DREW, Registrar.
Singleton Park, Swansea.

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS.
FACULTY OF ECONOMICS AND COMMERCE.

The University will shortly proceed to appoint a Tutor in Practical Social Work. The Tutor will be responsible for organising and directing the practical work of students attending the course for the Diploma in Social Organisation and Public Service. Her salary will be at the rate of £250 a year and she will be entitled to enter the Federated Superannuation System. Each candidate should send six copies of her application and of not more than three testimonials to the REGISTRAR, The University, Leeds, 2, before the 27th June.

CAMBRIDGE, B.A. and Barrister (24), teaching and travelling exp., speaking French and Italian, seeks post. Box 252, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TUTOR COMPANION or similar position. Young man, degrees Econ., Comm., Law, Sociology. Good games—tennis, cricket, badminton, table tennis, etc. Remuneration little consequence. Box 261, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN (30) domesticated, reliable, seeks post companion-help in family with children. London preferred. Interview arranged. Box 256, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO PUBLISHERS and Writers. Oxford woman, first class degree (English), after two months' temporary work in a publishing office, wishes for a permanent post. Shorthand-typist (100/50). Previous teaching and lecturing experience. Box 221, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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FRENCH by licenciée (Paris) private tuition, exams., literature, translations, conversation. Russell Square. TERminus 4917.

RUSSIAN by experienced native teacher. 3s. hour. Box 255, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

VIOLIN TUITION

INDIVIDUAL Courses in the teaching of the violin to children, with special reference to their psychological understanding, will be given for teachers by COENRAAD GOSPERTS during August in Sussex Village. Enquiries for further particulars should be addressed to: 28 Great Percy Street, W.C.1.

POSTAL TUITION

WOLSEY HALL, Oxford (founded in 1894), provides individual postal tuition for Matriculation (2,009 successes at London Matric., 1925–35), Degrees, Oxf. and Camb. Locals, Profess. Entrance, Teachers' and Theological Exams., also courses in single subjects. Staff comprises over 50 Graduates.—Prospectus (mention exam. or subject) post free from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH901, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

HAYWARDS HEATH. Inspect the charming Suntrap houses in a woodland setting at Sunnywood Drive, 40 mins. from Town. Det. Liv.-rm. 23ft. wide, 3 or 4 Beds., bath, garage. Prices from £975. Freehold, might let, or apply DRON AND WRIGHT, 17 Coleman Street, E.C.2.

ROOMS (furn.) in Hampstead, ½ hr. from Oxford St. Quiet house, garden. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI 1043.

UNFURNISHED rooms to let above Restaurant in W.C. district. Service available. Moderate rent. Apply Box 171, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NOMINAL Rent, furnd. or unfurnd., delightful S.C. flat for professional man or woman seeking privacy and quiet; 2 rms., K.B. boxrm. Nr. Tube and bus routes. 1, 6, 8, 16, 60. ABE 4478, btwn. 11–2. 9 Blomfield Rd., W.9.

DUKE ST., W.1. One or two luxuriously furnished rooms in West End flat; constant hot water, meals optional. Very moderate. 'Phone after seven, Welbeck 6327.

UNFURNISHED Studio Flat. Large light room overlooking garden. Bedroom, kitchen, bathroom. Service lift. £90 p.a., 3 years' lease. Hammersmith. Box 217, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO LET. Aug. 15th–Sept. 15th. Furnished cottage, Long Crendon, Bucks. Sleeps 5 or 6. C.H.W. Elec. Garden, garage. 2½ *gns.* Box 257, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BUCKS, near Chen Valley. For Sale, £1,300 Freehold, 6 roomed modern cottage with studio, electricity, Co.'s water, delightful garden. HARE, Oakley, Bromley Common.

WANTED Sept. Two unfurnd. rooms. Service, meals by arrangement. Nice house, garden. Putney or nr. Box 253, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.3. Top flat in pleasant house offered lady. 2 rooms and facilities. 1 guinea, incl. e.l. Box 251, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LUXURIOUS unfurnd. service flats, C.H.W., private basins, five bathrooms, public dining room. Meals as required. Gardens at rear. £40 to £65 p.a., including light. 11, Wetherby Gardens, S.W.5. Ken. 3047.

HAMPSTEAD. Three minutes from Heath, pleasant, newly furnished flat, two large rooms, k.b., for fortnight or month in August. Box 248, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Flat to let. Large living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, use bath. 35s. p.w. (incl. elec. light). 4 Ampton Street, W.C.1. Terminus 6761.

QUIET room, open outlook, study or bed-sitting, author's flat, use kitchen, bath. During Aug. large studio also available. FUL. 6940, after 5.

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F.P.S.I.

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PROGRAMME

Kingsley Martin	...	"The International Situation."
C. E. M. Joad	...	"Our Duty in the Next War."
Janet Chance	...	"The Legalisation of Abortion."
Colin Clark	...	"Socialist Financial Policy."
Aylmer Rose	...	"The Sexual Problems of the Private Citizen."
Dora Russell	...	"The Family in Present-day Society."
M. Saran	...	"Whither Nazi Germany?"
"Solicitor"	...	"Magistrates."
Olaf Stapledon	...	"Groups and Individuals."

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE FRANC AND THE WAY OUT—BRITISH ECONOMIC PROSPECTS—TELEPHONE AND GENERAL AND ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH—DANIEL AND GOLD

CERTAIN of my remarks upon M. Blum, devaluation and the flight of French capital last week seem to have angered some of my Socialist-conscious readers. Do they want me to write politics on this page? I cannot do it. I regard the business of investment with a non-political, if cynical, eye and I describe what I see. When I say that "it is not likely that any French capital will be in a hurry to return home while a Socialist Government is in office" I am merely stating a fact which has an importance for the nervous holders of gold shares in London. That is how capital behaves. If a Socialist Government came into power here, there would be a big flight of British capital abroad, which would be in no hurry to return home while Socialist measures were being legislated. The British Labour Party is prepared for it, but M. Blum apparently came into power with no measures planned against panicky capital movements. I hope I did M. Blum no injustice when I called him a mid-Victorian intellectual. I appreciate that for political reasons he cannot immediately devalue the franc—his friends the Communists are against it and his enemies of the Right are for it—but if he does not try to convince the Communists quickly of the error of their ways the epithet of "mid-Victorian" will be too mild. The workers of France at the moment believe in M. Blum. What will they say when the foreign trade of France has vanished and unemployment has reached uncomfortable proportions? Or, if M. Blum chooses to subsidise the export industries, what will they say when the budget cannot be balanced even by the higher taxation of the rich? They may turn against M. Blum and Socialism and adopt the brand of Communism which would frighten even the most scarlet of my readers. I cannot believe that the flat rejection of devaluation is in the best interests of French labour. What a victory for the Socialist cause throughout Europe if M. Blum succeeded by devaluation in securing a sufficient rise in prices to tempt the notes back from their hoards and to start a trade recovery going? Devaluation is the orderly way out of the mess, but if politics prevent it unseemly events will take control and M. Blum will be forced to put an embargo on the export of notes and gold in order to put a stop to the flight of capital. Then we shall see a disorderly depreciation of the franc and a rise in prices which will be difficult to control. Is this not far worse for the workers of France than orderly devaluation?

* * *

In its review of the economic prospects of Great Britain *The Economist* last week did its best to irritate the investor by being somewhat bearish of the near-term and bullish of the long-term outlook. It sees little scope for further progress in the reduction of cyclical unemployment, but expects to find the general level of employment maintained for twelve or eighteen months. In 1938 employment in the building industry may begin to decline by about 100,000 a year. This would be offset by expansion in the export trades, if the expected rise in the world price level occurs, by rearmament and by transfers to other expanding industries, but not sufficiently to keep up with the increase in the adult population, so that unemployment would increase by 100,000 to 150,000 a year. Ultimately, the inflation of prices based upon the enormously increased monetary stocks of gold would restore equilibrium. I venture to doubt whether *The Economist* has adequately discounted the immediately stimulating effects of rearmament, which, like housing, calls for a vast expansion in the capital goods industries. To take one example—Fisher and Ludlow, manufacturers of pressed steel bodies for motor cars. This company will soon be completing the largest machine tool factory in Europe, which will be extensively engaged on orders from the armament industries. The capital goods industries are perhaps two years away from their peak of prosperity. Rearmament will probably cause a rise in prices and wages long before the "gold inflation" which *The Economist* foresees has developed. Such a prospect may be interpreted bearishly for the gilt-edged market—that depends upon the "control"—but bullishly for select industrial equities.

* * *

From the Gold Coast a reader writes for advice on "the investment problem with which we exiles are faced." I had often envied the man of means living thousands of miles away from a stockbroker and the financial press. Surely this would give him adequate protection against loss of capital. But our exile is not content with the Post Office Savings Bank or a life assurance endowment policy. "Our natural desire," he writes, "is for sound investments yielding a decent rate of interest, say 5 per cent., which are not subject to violent fluctuations in price. Anything in the nature of speculation is ruled out except for those who can afford daily quotation cables. . . . Fixed Trusts are heavily advertised and would appear to fill our requirements." The trite answer would be to say that 5 per cent. may seem a decent rate of interest on the Gold Coast, but in England where King Money reigns on the cheap it would be regarded as positively indecent—in fact, a rate of interest to be associated almost with unsound investments. Even the most speculative Fixed Trust would be unable to advertise the bait of 5 per cent. However, I began to look round the lesser-known equity shares where relatively high yields may sometimes be obtained. I came across Telephone and General Trust £1 ordinary shares at 32*s*. to yield 5 per cent. on dividends of 8 per cent. which have been paid since 1930. In the past two years these shares have only fluctuated between 30*s*. and 33*s*. 6*d*., so that they pass the test of stability. The company is a finance-investment trust under the chairmanship of Sir Alexander Roger. It is the financial link in a chain of companies engaged in manufacturing and operating telephone systems in different parts of the world. It owns, for example, telephone companies in Barbados and Trinidad and controls the Anglo-Portuguese Telephone Company. It is in close association with International Automatic Telephone and British Insulated Cables and often finances the manufacture of automatic telephone equipment (Strowger system) by long-term credits (*vide* the Polish contract). It has had its difficulties—for example, in Venezuela, where the slump arrived late and hit one of its subsidiaries badly—but the chairman in March looked forward to presenting a balance sheet next year as good as the present one.

* * *

As an alternative to Telephone and General Trust ordinary shares the Gold Coast exile might consider Anglo-American Telegraph deferred stock. This company's cables are leased to the Western Union Telegraph for a period of 99 years from April, 1911, at a rental of £262,500 per annum, which is sufficient to pay dividends of 6 per cent. on the preferred ordinary stock, 1½ per cent. on the deferred stock and 3¾ per cent. on the ordinary stock. Western Union also pays the administration and maintenance expenses of the Company together with £1,000 in directors' fees. Indeed there is nothing for directors or shareholders to complain of. At the present price of 30 the deferred ordinary stock returns 5 per cent. exactly on dividends of 1½ per cent. Although its dividend is fixed and "gilt-edged," the stock has fluctuated more than that of Telephone and General Trust. In the past two years it has been as high as 31¾ and as low as 24½. Neither stock, of course, can be expected to show capital appreciation, but they may meet the income requirements of the Gold Coast.

* * *

I received a remarkable letter this week which will greatly alarm holders of gold shares. The writer is no relation of Major Angas and, I am sure, has no axe to grind. He is merely a student of the Bible. The letter reads: "You will be surprised to hear that I have been keenly watching your articles as a help in the study of present-day events in relation to prophecies. It is really remarkable how you have been, unconsciously, very near to the quoting of the Scriptures. Some few months back you wrote of the departure of China from the Silver Standard, and after quoting the famous remark about crucifying America on a cross of gold you went on to say that America was now crucifying China on a cross of silver. In the issue of April 11th, 1936, you finished your article on 'World Gold Output and Stocks' with the words, 'If gold were really important we could laugh at the Fascist dictatorships.' I am now going to give you the chance of a laugh. I have been working on the Labour Socialist side for twenty-five years, during which I have, like many more, deprecated the Bible side of things, but a couple of years back I took up, much against my inclination, a study of Bible economics and the prophecies relating thereto. I am not going to bore you with any quotations, but I am just going to say it is exactly seven 'times' (7 × 360 = 2,520 years) since Daniel was put into the fire because he would not worship the 'Golden Image.' *Gold goes out of use as money this year.* Every one of the 'seven time' prophecies of Daniel have been fulfilled exactly on its due date." I can assure my correspondent that gold has practically gone out of use as money already.

Company Meeting

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.

PAST RECORDS EASILY BEATEN

THE Rt. Hon. Lord Trent, Chairman of Directors, presided at the 48th Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd., held on June 11th, at Station Street, Nottingham. In the course of his speech the Chairman said:

The net balance amounts to £770,889, an increase of £20,853 over last year, and easily a record for the company. Under the circumstances, even taking into consideration the periods of severe weather which increased the demands for drugs and medicines, I think you will regard this as very satisfactory.

After payment of all Preference and Preferred Ordinary Dividends, and of four quarterly dividends of 6 per cent. less tax on Ordinary Shares, we have a balance of £290,139 which, together with the balance brought forward amounts to £550,230, as compared with £506,571 last year.

Your Directors recommend the payment of a bonus of 3*d.* per share, free of income tax, on the Ordinary Shares absorbing £80,000; a transfer to the General Reserve Fund of £100,000, the transfer to the Freehold Reserve Fund of £17,948, and the transfer to the Contingencies Reserve Fund of £54,193, making that Fund £200,000. This leaves £298,089 to be carried forward to next year.

During the year, our Subsidiary Companies have made steady progress, and besides enlarging and modernising a large number of shops, have opened 45 new branches and closed four, bringing our total at March 31st up to 1,120. The number of our sales transactions increased by over six and a half millions.

Our total sales and number of prescriptions dispensed easily beat all our records.

DEVELOPMENTS IN DOMINIONS

During the past year we have taken the first step in a pioneering enterprise which may lead to important developments in the future. After careful preliminary investigation your Board decided to open our usual type of chemist shop in New Zealand. The first Boots branch in New Zealand was opened in Wellington in January of this year. It is too early yet to indicate to what extent we shall be able to expand our business in New Zealand and thereafter, perhaps, in other parts of the Empire, but our plans are not confined to the one branch already open.

Colonel Braithwaite and I returned from the Dominion a few weeks ago, and I can assure the shareholders that they have reason to be proud of both shop and the staff there. During our visit we had the privilege of conferring with members of the New Zealand Cabinet and explaining to them our aims and policy in launching out in the Antipodes as well as acquainting them with our methods of business and the ideals by which we are guided.

During the year, Dr. Brett also made a trip round the world in connection with the British Medical Association's meeting in Melbourne. As a result of the personal contacts we have made and of the knowledge we have gained in the course of our journeys, we may reasonably expect a stimulation of our export trade.

Progress with the centralisation and extension of our various Nottingham manufacturing units at Beeston continues according to plan. In the Fine Chemical department we have had to contemplate a considerable extension both of factory accommodation and plant. We have not only to meet a great and rapidly increasing demand for special medical products, such as Boots Insulin for the treatment of diabetes, we have also to provide for the manufacture of an extending range of fine chemicals, for we have continually in mind the importance of making this country independent of foreign supplies.

On the *Research* side of our business we are enjoying still closer co-operation with medical men, hospitals, institutions and learned societies. We attach particular importance to this work, because of the part it plays in helping to create and maintain the world-wide reputation we enjoy for the quality of our products and our service.

The *Veterinary and Agricultural Department* continues to develop. An increasing number of live-stock owners and farmers are making use of our branches for supplies. The work of this department has just been extended by the purchase of the business in Horticultural Specialities previously owned by the Electro-Chemical Processes Limited, whose products Sulsol and Bouisol have already passed the most stringent tests and met with the approval of authorities on Research Stations, commercial fruit growers and horticulturists. Along with these products we are developing a business in Horticultural Washes including insecticides and fungicides and the type of merchandise which might be classified under the heading "Plant Medicines."

In addition to the developments at Beeston, there is also nearing completion an important extension of our London Warehouse in Stamford Street. The new block has been designed on the most modern lines and its architecture and interior decoration worthily represent the progressive spirit of the firm.

I spoke last year of the introduction of our new series of Number Seven Beauty Preparations. The success of this is now definitely established.

Our Library service continues to grow in popularity and the reduction of the Class B subscription to 7*s.* 6*d.* a year—or less than 2*d.* a week—has brought in a new public which is not satisfied to confine its reading only to cheap fiction.

STAFF PENSION SCHEME

Turning to staff matters, I think you will be interested to hear that we are nearing the 20,000 mark. At the end of March our Staff numbered 19,665, of whom about 7,000 were in the manufacturing and wholesale departments and about 12,500 in the retail. The figures show an advance of nearly 1,000 on the previous year, which is another indication of the rapid development of the business.

The Pension Scheme for the staff, which was introduced in April, 1935, is working with complete success.

It is highly appreciated by those enjoying its benefits, and the sense of security or of favours to come that it offers to the whole staff is one of many factors operating to make the employees of the firm one of the most contented communities in British industry to-day.

THE FIVE-DAY WEEK

The five-day week is now established as a permanent institution in our Nottingham Factories and we may take pride in the fact that we have provided an example which is likely to have an important influence on the industrial life of this country. The provision of more leisure is the inevitable corollary of mechanical efficiency and large-scale production. In one form or other we are likely to see in the future a steady reduction of working hours or working years. More leisure per head not only means a fairer distribution of available employment, but also it makes for more spending and thereby tends to create more employment.

After trying-out various methods of granting extra holidays, I am very glad to inform you that we have arranged for the whole of the retail staff to have the equivalent of an extra week's holiday in the year.

Urgent appeals have recently been made to employers to encourage by every means in their power recruiting for the Territorial Army. Ever since the Force was started in 1907, the firm have allowed employees the full fortnight off for Camp, besides their normal holidays, and in addition have made up their Army pay to what they would have earned had they been at work. In view of the present international situation, your Directors feel that we should now go further. They have, therefore, decided to allow full pay during the fortnight's training, in addition to their ordinary holidays on full pay.

It is, as you know, our constant aim to enable those who work for the firm to share in its prosperity, whether in the form of wages, pensions, better working conditions, more leisure, opportunities for sports and games, or a variety of other amenities. In some respects we are hampered in our efforts owing to circumstances over which we have no control.

RETAIL HOURS

There appears to-day to be an unfortunate tendency to increase retail hours, already unduly long. In some districts, such as holiday resorts, not only are shops permitted during the summer months to remain open for very long hours, but advantage is also taken of exemption from the half-holiday closing. To quote one instance, I have in mind a town where, in the summer months, all shops of every kind are allowed to remain open from as early as 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night and 11 on Saturdays.

It is manifestly intolerable that shop assistants—in probably the majority of cases young women—should be called upon day after day to bear the strain of being on their feet for 15 or 16 hours, with only limited intervals of rest. The public, I am sure, would be willing to co-operate in adapting themselves to new shopping habits, so as to avoid imposing hardships, the existence of which they probably do not at present realise. If retailers generally are to get the type of employee so necessary to the continued success of their businesses, some adjustment must be made to bring the working hours more into line with those worked in factories and warehouses.

EXCELLENT PROSPECTS

Under present conditions, he would be a foolish man who would forecast business conditions for twelve months ahead. If the purchasing power is in the pockets of the public, there is no question as to the excellent prospects of your company. But with the nations equipping themselves less and less for the productive pursuits of peace, and more and more for aggression on the one hand, and self-defence on the other, the world seems to be organising for sterility, rather than for stability. Money spent on armament programmes creates an illusion of prosperity in certain sections of the population, but such expenditure is, by its nature, largely unproductive, and sooner or later has to be paid for in a diminution of purchasing power, which reacts upon the world as a whole. Here in this country, after emerging a long way from the world depression, we have been compelled by external pressure to embark on a rearmament programme. We can probably afford this unavoidable expenditure better than almost any other nation, but it is a programme of waste, and does not make for healthy economic conditions. So far as your company is concerned, therefore, we feel it essential to keep ample funds in hand, so that we may be prepared for any eventuality.